

JOHN BULL ^{2ND}₂₂

**OPEN
LETTER
TO
WINSTON
CHURCHILL**

**HITLER
STRUGGLES
TO
ESCAPE!
by A.G.G.**

**BIG
TALES
OF THE
LITTLE
MAN**



FIRE GUARDS
get ready!
FIREBOMB FRITZ
is coming over

ORDERS TO BURN! Orders to burn us into defeat! What is Britain's answer? It's this—let Firebomb Fritz come. We, the men and women of Britain's Fire Guard, are ready. We can stand hours of waiting and watching. We can face the dangers. With our pumps and our sandbags, with our ladders and our improvised shields, we've drilled like guardsmen. And now we know our stuff! Firebomb Fritz can be beaten — and we're going to do it!

**FIRE GUARD
TIPS. No. 1.**
Water is valuable in a fire-blitz. A piece of flat wood floating in a bucket will stop loss by splashing.

**BRITAIN
SHALL NOT
BURN!**

ISSUED BY THE MINISTRY OF HOME SECURITY

Here's a food that's
**STILL LESS THAN
PRE-WAR PRICE**



BOURNVILLE
THE 5-STAR
COCOA

THE 5 STARS —

- ★ EXTRA FOOD VALUE
- ★ IRON — THE BLOOD ENRICHER
- ★ PHOSPHATES — FOR HEALTHY GROWTH
- ★ AID TO DIGESTION
- ★ VITAMIN B — VITAL TO HEALTH

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Make up what she's missing with Mars!

These days, especially, children need lots of calories — the fuel element of food which must constantly be replaced. So thank goodness for Mars! There are 270 calories in every Mars Bar — that chunky chocolate-coated bar with its toothsome caramel layer and delicious malted centre. But supplies are limited. So be unselfish. Leave Mars for the youngsters.

COMPARE THE FOOD VALUE YOU GET FOR 2½

FOOD	CALORIES FOR 2½
EGGS	41
MILK	22
BEEF	134
BOILED SWEETS	146
Mars	270

Mars
Grand Food Grand Flavour
2½

Healthy dogs make good companions



Despite wartime handicaps, your dog will always be healthy and happy if you give him his regular Bob Martin's. Just 'one a day' will keep him always fit, friendly, companionable.

BOB MARTIN'S CONDITION POWDERS keep dogs fit

In packets: 9 powders 7d., 21 for 1/11d.
From all chemists, seedsmen, etc.



THE BEAUTY SOAP OF THE FILM STARS MAY BE HARD TO GET —

But each tablet can last twice as long

IT is sometimes difficult, we know, to get Lux Toilet Soap in the shops. This is because so many more people are using it nowadays.

But, with a little care, you can go on having the same beauty treatment as the film stars have. For Lux Toilet Soap can actually be made to go twice as far.

You see, Lux Toilet Soap is scientifically blended to give an active lather far richer than the lather made by ordinary soaps. *And that lather lasts far longer too!*

This means that, with one simple twist of the tablet, you can get enough lather in hard water to

soap your hands and arms, and enough in soft water to soap your face and neck as well. And that lather won't dry up and disappear.

Remember, too, that soap will last longer if you keep it dry. Never let it swim about in the bath or in a watery dish. Lay it on a little rubber mat, if you have one, or in a wire basket. Or make yourself a handy string soap-carrier like the one illustrated.

By the way, to save paper, we are now compelled to sell Lux Toilet Soap without its wrapper but, of course, it is still the same famous tablet that is used by the film stars to keep their complexions lovely.

LUX TOILET SOAP

The Beauty Soap of the Film Stars

TL 1250-9

A LEVER PRODUCT

Now's the time to use TOOTH POWDER

— the **IRIUM** TOOTH POWDER that gives you a brighter smile, a fresher mouth!

If you've never used Pepsodent — the tooth powder with the PLUS ingredient, IRIUM, you simply have no idea how brilliant your teeth can look, how fresh-as-a-breeze your mouth can feel. IRIUM is the most powerful of all cleansing agents — yet the

gentlest. That's why Pepsodent Tooth Powder doesn't have to contain pumice or other dangerous abrasives. It is so marvelously effective because IRIUM dissolves away every surface stain, every tiny treacherous particle. Now, more than ever, do you want to show a smiling face to the world. You will — if you use the IRIUM tooth powder.

7d., 1/3 and 2/2 including tax.

PEPSODENT

The Irium

TOOTH POWDER



says:

YOU may have some difficulty in obtaining my famous Impregnable and Temeraire Brands of Footwear, but an enquiry is always well worth while. Distribution is being spread as fairly as possible over the country, and more than ever now you will want the utmost value in return for your money, — and comfort.



Men's Black
Box Oxford,
Leather Sole.

Impregnable
Style No. 151

Impregnable

JOHN WHITE (Impregnable Shoes) LTD.,
HIGHAM FERRERS, NORTHANTS

A Grand Food DOUBLY ECONOMICAL

Weetabix is a grand food. Young and old thrive on it. All the sustenance that wheat can give, Weetabix gives—in the most easily assimilated and delicious form. There is a dual economy in Weetabix; there is no waste of the precious grain in manufacture and because it is so rich in nourishment it goes so far in the home. Here is one way to make food go further:—

WEETABIX CHOCOLATE CUSTARD

(To serve 4 people)

2 Weetabix. ½ pint milk. 1 oz. (good weight) custard powder. 4 oz. cocoa. Vanilla essence. Sugar to sweeten. Mix together 1 tablespoonful Weetabix crumbs, 2 teaspoonfuls sugar, 1 teaspoonful ground cinnamon. Blend custard powder and cocoa smoothly with a little milk. Bring remaining milk to boiling point, pour on to custard, return to the saucepan, cook until thick and smooth, stirring continuously. Sweeten to taste, flavour with vanilla. When cold whisk until smooth and light. Break up the Weetabix and put in individual glass dishes. Just before serving, pile on the chocolate custard, sprinkle top with cinnamon and crumb mixture.

More Weetabix is being made, but if at times it is difficult to obtain this is because more people are buying it.

Weetabix
Standard Size 7d.
Double Size 1/1d.

Weetabix Ltd., Weetabix Mills, Burton-Latimer, Northants

JOHN BULL

Thursday, for week ending Saturday, October 4, 1941.
93, Long Acre, W.C.2. Telephone: Temple Bar 2468.

"Come the three corners of the world in arms,
And we shall shock them; naught shall make us rue,
If England to itself do rest but true."



Straight from the Shoulder

DESIGN FOR VICTORY

B RITAIN must stop marking time.

We have had two years to draw up our design for victory. Now, by broad strokes and the deft use of masses, we must begin to fill in the pattern. Use the war material we have piled up! Strain every muscle to produce yet more. Fight and work as never before!

Bitter Winter

This winter will be the most vital in history. Already its portents are plain. The Russian campaign goes badly, both for Russia and Germany. This is no paradox, though it brings us fresh perils and fresh opportunities.

Nazi Plans

Hitler's bullet-headed generals never reckoned that Soviet resistance would be unbroken by the middle of autumn. They have had to change their plans. Now they hope to "stabilise" most of the Russian front before the winter. They are preparing for trench warfare in the north and centre. Their trenches are masterpieces of ingenious strength.

Super Size

Thus they hope to release forces for the greatest pincer movement ever visualised. One prong would sweep through the Caucasus; the other would cut through Spain and French Morocco. By converging, these pincer jaws would close the Mediterranean, imprison Egypt, and point its steel snout at the oilfields of Iran—and India.

Pro and Con

The Russian campaign has been bad for Hitler because it has cost him nearly a third of his army. But it leaves him strong enough for that vast pincers movement. It has been bad for the Soviets because they have lost important production areas and will probably lose more.

Holding Firm

They are fighting gloriously. In the north, despite the enormous question mark of Leningrad, the position holds hope.

Winter will soon coat that front with sticky mud, then with ice. M. Maisky wisely warns us not to trust too much to General Winter.

But that general will not help the Nazis by surrounding their tanks with mud and steeping their troops in 60 degrees of frost.

Red Light

In the centre, grim-faced Timoshenko is stabbing the German lines and converting their tanks into scrap iron.

In the south, the Soviet strategy is gravely imperilled.

Great General

Budenny—he of the burly figure and enormous moustache—has shown great generalship in extricating most of his armies from the Nazi trap.

But he has had to abandon vital areas.

Though the Kharkov salient is strong, he may not be able to save the Donets valley or even the great Don Basin itself.

Japan's Threat

Russia cannot defend them by bringing across the continent the army guarding her Manchukuo frontier.

That would invite the robber warlords of Japan to walk in.

Of course, the Germans won't find the war factories and steel plants intact. Budenny will see to that. But Russia cannot afford their loss.

Can We Help?

Britain and the U.S.A. cannot make good their production. It will take a long time for our help to reach the spots where the Russians need it.

Meanwhile, Hitler drives on towards the oil he covets. He will not get it quickly.

If he reaches it, he will have to build

new refineries. Perhaps he has already started to do so in the rich, though undeveloped, oilfields at Romny, east of Kiev.

R.A.F. Attacks

What of German production? It is being ceaselessly hammered by the R.A.F. Yet it is still tremendous.

France is making tanks, aircraft, lorries, locomotives and parachutes for the Nazis.

Belgian shipwrights and steelworkers have to toil for their oppressors.

Slave States

Holland makes dive-bombers, ships and radio sets. Czechs produce tanks, guns and munitions.

Poland is building planes and hewing coal. Yugoslavia provides copper, magnesium and chrome.

Norway adds aluminium and oil. Denmark makes Diesel engines.

Slowing Them Down

Sabotage is spreading in these slave countries. Britain helps it by "underground channels," tells the workers of better methods than throwing a spanner into machinery.

But the fact remains that we have to match the production of all Europe.

Speed Them Up!

Eliminate the muddle in our own factories! Change over every non-essential trade to full war production! Give the workers better inducement to fierce endeavour!

The "Tanks for Russia Week" shows how our people will respond if their imagination is stirred.

Our Army, too, must be ready for action.

Common Front

Wavell will soon be in the news again. If Budenny cannot hold the Russian south, we may see British and Russian troops fighting side by side on a narrow front in the Caucasus.

General Auchinleck continues his cautious preparations for a mighty effort in Libya. The Navy and R.A.F. help him by sinking one in every five supply ships that cross from Italy to Libya.

They're Jumpy

Hitler is not yet ready to help Mussolini. So Italy is being denuded of troops to meet our expected thrust from Egypt and Tobruk.

Cannon Fodder

Hitler indeed needs all the troops he can find in order to push his own enterprises.

MARKING-TIME

DO Government departments choose short-sighted men as works inspectors?

Yet another report has reached us from a great arsenal that half the machines are kept idle.

When Government inspectors are expected, the machines are started up and the men told to look busy.

We have received many similar reports from this vast factory and have sent them on to the Ministry of Supply.

The Minister—Lord Beaverbrook—is a shrewd and energetic man. What a pity his inspectors are not shrewd enough to make sure that the machines are engaged on real work!

From a powder mill comes a complaint that women and girls have to knit most of the day for want of work. And they are tired of it.

JOHN BULL is also tired—tired of receiving many similar letters, and tired of the inefficiency of official inspectors.

A new system is urgently needed in many aircraft factories and munition works.

He has dragooned the Rumanians into an attack for which they have no heart; Odessa has become a vast Rumanian cemetery.

Pro-Russian

Hitler won't find all the Bulgarians willing to enter the struggle against Russia. Though their King and statesmen are pro-Nazi, their troops are pro-Russian.

We predict that if they are driven to fight for Hitler they will quickly desert to the Russian side.

Mussolini fears we may seize this opportunity to attack Italy itself. The Germans fear we may try to invade Greece or Norway.

Zero Hour

We need not oblige. We should attack where we consider our chances are brightest; if possible, where the enemy least expects it. **BUT ATTACK WE MUST.**

Stab-and-Run

If we are not yet ready for large-scale action in Europe, we should increase the small forays that arouse so much interest in the United States but which are not confirmed by British officialdom.

Can we not launch quick "stab-and-run" raids on the 2,000-mile coastline of Europe that the Nazis must guard?

Can we not stop Hitler from sending all his best troops from the Occupied Countries to Russia?

Deeds or Words

We must stop hoping for miracles next Spring. The public is sick of the soothing speeches of politicians.

This autumn, this winter, will decide the war. Action now, not post-dated promises, is the help most needed by our ally Russia.

Mr. Churchill's Risk

Mr. Churchill took a tremendous risk by sending troops to Egypt when Hitler seemed likely to invade Britain. But it was one of the master strokes of the war.

Let us again have proof of foresight. For a policy of Safety First in war usually leads to disaster.

Marshal Budenny has made a new and bigger Dunkirk. This country can respond by making an even bigger effort than it did after the first Dunkirk.

In our war factories—and on the field of battle!

(Continued overleaf)

FIGHTING FORCES' MILK-AND-WATER

S ENSIBLE people keep quiet if they have nothing worth saying.

We commend their example to the Minister for War and the Air Ministry.

Capt. Margesson, unable to tell us that our vast army in Britain is yet ready to take the offensive, points with pride to the fact that "it is doing its bit" by loaning some soldiers to help farmers with the harvest!

Their help is valuable, of course. But the Minister's boast has fallen flat.

The Air Ministry gives pride of place in its weekly news letter to a report that some bomber pilots have started a moustache-growing competition.

Other weeks, it chats gaily about the W.A.A.F.'s stockings or morning tea.

Only the Air Ministry knows why paper is wasted on such drivel. The public would rather read about pilots' bombing than their immature moustaches.

And if officialdom can find nothing to say that's worth while, it should hold its tongue.



STRAIGHT FROM THE SHOULDER

CONTINUED FROM PRECEDING PAGE

PERHAPS you think we grouse too much in these pages. Our excuse is that we are impatient for victory. So, no doubt, are you.

But here is something to cheer us all. In the British Association meeting, now being held, are Europe's greatest scientists. Ordinarily, you never hear of them. But they are all engaged in devising new methods of scientific warfare against Hitlerism.

Whereas the scientists still in Germany are second-raters merely trying to improve existing types of tanks and 'planes, not to find better types.

Aid from Uncle Sam

More good news. Though the U.S.A. cannot match German war production before next summer, its output during the next few months will astonish you. That is certain.

But don't forget the warning we have given on the preceding page. Unless we all work like the very devil, this American help will not give us the advantage against Hitler's slave workers.

Why the Holiday?

Though we say "all," we are well aware that Parliament is soon to be sent packing again.

Yet M.P.s have plenty of subjects to discuss. And they do not want to be treated as mere "rubber stamps" for Government decisions.

Unless they are allowed to debate vital affairs, there will be a suspicion that the Government is regarding the Commons as a sort of slave Reichstag.

Hush-Hush

Indeed, too many authorities are fighting shy of publicity. Even local councils are becoming as hush-hush as the Government.

Kingsbridge rural council, for instance, refuses to publish its auditor's report or to give committee minutes to the Press.

Has it anything to hide? And can

we allow so dangerous and disturbing a precedent?

Fascist Tantrums

Another big question mark is presented by the absurdly soft treatment of Fascist rioters in the Isle of Man.

JOHN BULL says that the Home Office is making a big mistake. The public will not obey the official wish to "forget" the whole affair.

No one wants to deal with the Fifth Column rioters as the Nazis would undoubtedly do. But why go to the other extreme?

Pampered

We think it monstrous that these blackguards should be allowed to throw bottles at their guards with impunity.

We regard it as disgraceful that they should be able to send for lorry-loads of beer and consignments of chicken; to sun-bathe on the beaches and mock decent Britons.

Our postbag proves our views to be generally held. It's strange that Herbert Morrison doesn't realise the fact.

Asking for Trouble

We think he's wrong, also, in refusing to augment the staff in such trouble-some prisons as Dartmoor.

In the name of sanity, why not prevent further thuggery by the dregs of our unfortunate civilisation?

Handcuffed

Another point that troubles us is why permission has been granted to London detectives, but not provincial ones, to prosecute food offenders without special permission of the Ministry of Food.

Police officials would soon stop food rackets if their hands were not handcuffed by the red-tape of officialdom.

At present, the Ministry regards the wholesale racketeer as no worse than the back-street old lady who mistakenly puts a halfpenny on her shop prices.

Milk and Honey

Perhaps the Ministry thinks it doesn't matter. For people in many country districts can still get as much cream, butter and meat as they like.

Britain shouldn't be a land flowing with milk and honey—for those who live in the safe areas.

Shades of Jellicoe!

Worse than indifferent, unfortunately, is a lot of our official propaganda.

Sweden is bombarded with Nazi propaganda. But a recent visitor to Stockholm found that British propaganda there was represented by nothing more effective than a portrait of Admiral Jellicoe in a shop window!

A map was put in that window to show how the R.A.F. had bombed Germany. Result: crowds gathered.

But you can't attract crowds by displaying a picture of Jellicoe or Nelson.

Thanks a Lot

Fortunately, not all officialdom is hide-bound.

Recently we printed a reader's complaint that rifles had been withdrawn from a certain Home Guard company.

What happened next was a visit from a War Office bigwig. He summoned a parade, asked that JOHN BULL's informant should step forward.

Our reader did so—to be publicly thanked for performing a public service. Yes, that company has got rifles again—and that official should visit other units.

Prehistoric

One Signals unit was summoned to a compulsory lecture.

We'll give you two guesses at its subject. And we know that both will be wrong.

The subject was "Prehistoric Animals."

We need add only that it took place on a night when some men would otherwise have been able to get a little leisure, and that the morale of the whole unit was depressed instead of raised.

Bayonet Worship

In the last war the cavalry mind dominated British military thought.

Even in 1918 we had cavalry waiting for a chance to bring back to sordid modern warfare the dashing spirit of the Charge of the Light Brigade.

In this war the Blimp mind has moved forward a little—to bayonet worship.

Tanks? Tommy-guns? Cads' weapons, sir! Cold steel is what we need. For example:

It's Orders

Home Guard in a London suburb found a comrade proudly polishing a burnished bayonet. He objected that the weapon should be kept dull so as not to attract the attention of an enemy plane.

His commanding officer now refers to him as "our Fifth Columnist."

Tra-la-la!

Another case: An officer in a light infantry regiment of cold-steel fame said recently of Crete, "The Nazis got Crete in a typically dirty way."

"If they'd dared to match bayonets with us, they wouldn't have got Crete yet."

What can you do with 'em? Make night-watchmen of them!

Tortoise-speed

Aerodromes were the weakness of Crete. Aerodromes will prove Britain's strength.

But some new ones are being built at peace time speed. A few men—perhaps half a dozen to the mile—are spread out along the runways to spread gravel or tar. No hurry about it!

It isn't the men who need supervision so much as the contractors.

More Pay

As we expected, some M.P.s are urging an increase to 3s. a day for the lowest ranks in the Fighting Forces.

They are all Labour men. We think they would get a lot of Conservative support if they urged, instead, better allowances for Servicemen's dependants.

The Great Trust

All Services are in the clutches of N.A.A.F.I.'s monopoly.

Soldiers in a village in Sussex have been well served by Salvation Army and Toc H canteens. These are now to be restricted to selling tea and cakes; cooked food will be the monopoly of N.A.A.F.I., whose staff say they will not be able to cope with the demand.

Stars in Wonderland

Excellent idea is the issue of "Alice in Wonderland" and "Through the Looking Glass" on gramophone records made by such stars as Leslie Henson, Arthur Askey and Stanley Holloway.

We mention them because they are in aid of the Hospital for Sick Children, Great Ormond Street, London—and we hope you'll buy them.

Juggling

Side by side with Hitler's figures of German losses in the Russian campaign should be set some previous claims—and the facts.

In the short but fierce Poland campaign, he admitted 10,018 dead and 30,323 wounded. The average German felt that no man could lie when he produced such precise figures.

But conservative estimates were 50,000 dead and 120,000 wounded.

For Norway, he admitted 1,317 killed and 2,375 missing. For France, he admitted 27,074 killed and 18,384 missing; whereas his losses were probably 400,000.

Fantastic

In the Balkans campaign he was certainly lucky. But not so lucky as to lose only 1,151 men killed. Actually, he lost at least 60,000.

Now he states that Russia has so far cost Germany a total of 85,896 killed and 296,970 wounded.

On this basis, as the Russians dryly comment, it must be more dangerous to be in Hamburg or Cologne than at the battlefield.

Glorified Lies

We will add only that it was Hitler who in "Mein Kampf," stated that the bigger the lie the more easily it was believed, and that any lie had only to be repeated often enough to become the truth.

Perhaps. But will the Germans believe it when a third of their menfolk fail to return?

Good News

JOHN BULL is pleased to learn that the R.A.F. has investigated and found to be unfounded complaints as to young pilots in training at an R.A.F. station being charged double for cigarettes and required to pay mess stewards to serve meals at a time that would fit in with their duties.

Behind the News

● In the last year more than 27,000,000 shells have had to be returned to Nazi-controlled munition factories in Europe owing to faulty construction.

● Nazi transport dislocation by R.A.F. includes wreckage of 8,000 loaded wagons, several hundred locomotives, and destruction of 300 railway stations.

● Strikes by Dutch miners have held back more than half the coal reaching Nazi factories. To make up the shortage, contingents of German workers have had to be transferred from other important work.

● New Gestapo department has been formed to counter what the Nazis believe is a "V" army brains trust. Till now they have failed entirely to discover where and how "V" liaison officers work.

● Mysterious epidemic of barge and tug-boat sinkings is sweeping up and down the Danube in spite of all Nazi attempts to hide details.

● Italians are dreading further winter heating restrictions. Not more than 5 per cent. of coal promised by Germany under existing contracts can now be delivered.

● Italian civilians' travel is to be cut down by half, all private motoring outside big cities has been abolished.

● Women are joining in the activities of patriot forces in occupied countries. Secret reports seeping through Nazi censorship tell of German anxiety that they may do Hitler more harm on the home front than the men.

● Behind Berlin's hamstringing of Bulgaria a private war is being bitterly waged between Fascist and Nazi interests. Private investments of many party leaders in both countries have dwindled, will vanish entirely if Bulgaria officially enters the war.

● Much of ex-Shah's fortune deposited in U.S.A. was "fixed up" for him by German agents, who hoped to get a big rake off in due course. Now the Nazis have not only lost the Shah's services but valuable foreign credits of several million pounds.

● U.S.A. accountants have been co-operating with South American colleagues to trace and block Nazi financial moves in several republics. In the last few weeks more than £18,000,000 German assets have been "frozen stiff" and further successes are expected.

Without Fear or Favour

MAGNIFICENT MISERS!

NOTHING is easier than to find excuses for doing nothing. But nobody has any excuse for doing nothing to help the salvage campaign.

This campaign is saving far more than money. It is saving the lives of brave men in the Merchant Navy. It is turning waste into the weapons of war. It is indirectly helping Britain to help Russia.

To play our part in it entails no sacrifice, for we are not asked to give anything but the waste from our homes and shops and offices. In this cause we must be mean to be generous.

For the truth is that now, more than ever before, the country stands in need of millions of magnificent misers; men and women too proud to be prodigal at the nation's expense.

JOHN BULL urges its readers to think of salvage in this way; to use their imaginations and thus to see the tall ships and the great guns, the tanks and the shells and all the wealth and might born from our dust-bins by the miracles of modern science.

In our former, happy-go-lucky economy it seemed scarcely worth while to sort and to save old newspapers, kitchen scraps, bones, rags, tins and bottles. True, many a rag-and-bone man made a fortune out of this careless waste, but the public persisted in its contempt for "rubbish."

This attitude of mind was foolish in time of peace. It is downright wicked in time of war.

Do you realise that, as far back as last May, the salvage of paper and scrap-metal represented more than sixty average cargoes, which would otherwise have been imported by tramp steamers, running the gauntlet of mines and U-boats and German bombers?

Scores, perhaps hundreds, of additional cargoes have been saved since then.

Out of the "scrap" which the public has saved and the local authorities collected, enough metal has been accumulated to build ten destroyers and 10,000 tanks; or to make 20,000,000 eighteen-pounder shells or to produce 10,000 anti-aircraft guns!

If any of you should find it hard to think in such terms, let JOHN BULL also remind you that nearly 2,000 pig clubs have been formed since the war, and that the country is literally saving its bacon by saving kitchen refuse.

During last July, some 450 local authorities, collecting this kind of precious "scrap," sold nearly 13,000 tons of it to local pig and poultry keepers.

SINCE the national salvage campaign started in November, 1939, this country has saved 1,500,000 tons of "waste" to the total value of £3,760,000.

Do you think that is a good show? Not a bit of it! We could easily have saved double, treble; who knows how much more besides.

There is no guesswork about this. Many London boroughs, under the stimulus of "Salvage Week," have actually doubled their collections just lately, and JOHN BULL predicts that, as these Salvage Weeks continue, there will be equally big, or bigger, increases.

That is all to the good so far as it goes, but it does not go far enough, or anything like it. Salvage Weeks are only a reminder of an imperative public duty; it's the salvage habit that counts, and we urge everybody to form this good habit and stick to it.

Many of us, indeed most of us, have been reasonably careful with our waste-paper. We have kept it clean and dry; we have piled it in decent heaps for the dustmen to collect.

But what about all the "junk" on our book-

shelves and desks? Now is the time to go through this precious rubbish that has been accumulating for years.

Keep nothing that is useless. Turn all those dull letters and invoices and receipted bills into good salvage. Scrap the tedious books you never want to read again.

Don't forget the troops, though. Save your old novels and magazines for them first. They will give the boys some pleasant hours before they, too, are passed on to the pulping-machines and converted into shell fuses, cartridge-cases, washers, dust-covers, boxes and the like.

JOHN BULL tells you that this job is urgent.

Do not put it off. If every household, every shop and every office in the country were to make a grand "Spring cleaning" this autumn, we could save more waste-paper than could possibly be collected in many months of day-to-day salvage.

The same urgent, incessant and never-to-be-forgotten public need exists in regard to every other form of salvage.

Women are the commanders on the kitchen front. It is for them to save—and not to waste—the crumbs that fall from their own tables; the potato peelings and the rinds of bacon and the vegetable remnants which can be turned into good food for pigs and poultry.

Broadly speaking, and taking the country as a whole, the dustmen are doing a grand job of work. If the housewives will only sort their waste carefully, the dustmen will see that it is kept sorted for effective salvage.

A Gangster in Dress Clothes

LEST WE FORGET—III: Next in the Nazi refresher line is Ribbentrop. Over here he is probably the best known of the grizzly gang because he began his antics when he was ambassador in London.

IN every country that has not yet been drawn into the orbit of war, Nazism presents itself through its new-style diplomats.

So-called ambassadors who are really espionage agents, councillors and consuls who conduct subversive underground propaganda, finance-wrecking and sabotage activities.

Most Nazi "diplomats" are really international criminals who carry out their sordid business until, sooner or later, the Government to which they are accredited kicks them out.

This new-style diplomacy has been invented by Joachim von Ribbentrop, Nazi Foreign Minister, whom Hitler, of course, calls the greatest living diplomat.

* * *

Ribbentrop is fully conscious of his part in introducing this gangster atmosphere into what was once the most distinguished profession in the world. That is why, directing it day and night, he always tries to present himself as a "gentleman," dresses immaculately—as if clothes could camouflage his type!

I have heard a few cynics openly admit all this. "But," they said, "he has succeeded with his new technique."

Has he? Let us examine this weak defence of Ribbentrop, based on his own ruthless principle that the end justifies the means.

The plan of diplomatic strategy with which he was entrusted provided for Nazi world domination without war.

Conquest of Austria, the absorption of Czechoslovakia were the model. One by one Europe's States were to be peacefully annexed.

Yet even at the third stage Ribbentrop's diplomacy failed. The Nazi attack on Poland brought war.

Ribbentrop had another task. It was to obtain Britain's silent consent to the Nazi policy of European domination. That is why he came to Britain as Ambassador.

Do you remember the chorus of invective and ridicule that accompanied Ribbentrop when he left his post in London, an utter failure, an unmasked political adventurer?

* * *

This third-rate salesman had another "genial" plan. It was to form a world combination against Russia.

He invited Britain to unite with Germany in fighting Stalin. When

JOHN BULL knows that there are exceptions to this general rule. We know that there are still far too many local authorities playing a half-hearted part—and some few playing no part at all—in the Salvage campaign.

But we beg our readers not to be discouraged by the occasional failure and slackness of particular local authorities. Let them, rather, march indignantly into their own town halls and raise hell about it.

We have raised hell ourselves for the same reason, and shall do so again if the need arises.

THE fact remains that, given the determined goodwill of everybody concerned—that is to say, the Government, the local authorities and the general public—the efficient collection of salvage not only helps the country but also shows a profit to the ratepayers.

But that is the least of the arguments in favour of doing a citizen's plain duty.

We do not stress it in this appeal to our readers and the general public. We ask everybody to stop wasting "waste" for the sake of our sailors and fighting men, for the sake of Russia and for the sake of early victory.

The call is clear and urgent. We have always been a nation of shopkeepers. Now let us make ourselves a nation of magnificent misers, saving our very scraps because we are determined to save civilisation.



he failed he blandly turned round and travelled to Moscow to conclude a "treaty" with his enemy.

It meant nothing to him to tear up the document which he had signed and rejoice in Hitler's decision to attack Russia. "You'll see, my Fuehrer," said the diplomatic wonderchild, "as soon as we attack Russia, Britain is going to make peace and America will be friends with us again!"

* * *

Things have turned out differently. The calculations of the crook proved wrong. He cannot judge things and reactions on the standards of civilised people and nations, who are still in the majority in the world.

He brought Hungary into the Axis. Now he is busy all the time to prevent her wriggling out of it and withdrawing her troops from the Russian campaign.

For three months he has counted on Japan to take the plunge on the side of the Nazis and as a member of the anti-Comintern Pact of which he was so proud. Nothing has happened yet.

From the Americas, Ribbentrop's consuls and ambassadors have been sent packing by the score. Wherever a Nazi diplomat turns up people button up their pockets and hold their tongues.

Inside Germany, Ribbentrop has only one friend: Hitler. And Hitler's friendships have a way of ending suddenly and bringing the former friend to grief.

It seems quite likely that this will be Ribbentrop's fate. Anyhow, it would save Britain the distasteful job of dealing with this reptile.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. WINSTON CHURCHILL, M.P., 10, Downing Street

DEAR PRIME MINISTER,—You have taken so many wise decisions for Britain that praise is superfluous. But there is one more to be taken, one that should indeed have been made long ago. Upon it, the whole of our war effort depends. Without it, our war strategy must flounder and our victory be delayed.

And you alone, because you keep all the great affairs of State in your own hands, have the authority to make it.

It is this: How shall we use all our millions of men and women in the struggle for survival and liberty?

Every single plan of industrial expansion or military enterprise awaits the answer.

Meanwhile, there is doubt and muddle and costly waste.

Masses of men are being forced into khaki. But there is not sufficient equipment for them. And the men who could help to produce that equipment are also being put into khaki—to scrub floors or wait upon bored officers.

Strong men are needed in tank factories and steelworks. As soon as they are found and given jobs, the Army claims them.

Highly skilled craftsmen are being taken away from the benches, and production held up.

"Ah!" you say, "we will replace them by women."

Eighteen months ago, indeed, you said a million women were wanted at once. But the women who volunteered were told that no vacancies existed.

Now, I know, a fresh start is being made to enlist women workers.

There is a threat of compulsion. There are ugly stories of unwilling women being trapped by anonymous letters.

Certainly there are well-off young women who are shirking their duty and living idle lives in expensive hotels. But the fault is not theirs alone.

It is largely due to the appalling, almost incredible, lack of Government policy.

Even now, women in the thirties are being turned away from employment exchanges and factories. They are considered "too old" to help Britain.

So I urge you, I beg you, to decide without further delay how our manpower (which includes women labour) shall be apportioned between the rivals of Industry and the Fighting Forces, how we can best use skill and experience, how the men and women of these islands can do their utmost to smash Hitlerism.

Will you not solve the greatest problem that faces us to-day?—JOHN BULL.



Mr. W. R. ROWLANDS,
Towyn, Wales

Sir,—Condemned houses in your town are being let to bombed-out families from the great cities.

You are indignant that "foreigners" should thus be given shelter; you think the houses should be reserved for local people.

I do not wish you harm. But I fancy you would change your views if you were made to endure half a dozen heavy raids in London or Liverpool.—JOHN BULL.

Lt.-Col. J. T. C. MOORE-BRABAZON, M.P.,
Minister of Aircraft Production

DEAR SIR,—A large department of an aircraft factory was recently moved into the country. Miles of transport, interference with urgent work, accompanied the move.

Then, when it was over, the change was found unworkable, and the department brought back again one week later.

Tell me, who was responsible for this costly blunder?—JOHN BULL.

Commander FIREBRACE,
Britain's Fire Commander

DEAR COMMANDER,—Harry Errington, a London A.P.S. man, was blown by a bomb across a basement. Though badly burned and injured, he saved two comrades by pulling them away from the flames and carrying them over debris.

He was awarded the George Cross.

But he had to have prolonged hospital treatment—and after thirteen weeks was discharged from the A.P.S., according to the callous regulations.

He is now fit and strong again, but cannot get back into the fire service. What a reward for heroism!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. ERNEST BEVIN, M.P.,
Minister of Labour

DEAR SIR,—A Wolverhampton registry advertises for a parlourmaid and a lady's maid, wanted by a family of two that already has six maids, and for third and

fourth parlourmaids wanted by a titled man who keeps eleven maids and a butler.

I suggest you send an official to talk to those advertisers, who are evidently more concerned with their own comfort than to save money and labour for the nation's needs.

But don't send a polite official.—JOHN BULL.

Alderman A. EMIL DAVIES,
Chairman, London County Council

DEAR SIR,—A man wounded in the last war and who served in the Norway campaign last year obtained a job as male nurse in an L.C.C. hospital.

He alleges that he has been asked for his resignation because he wore his discharge badge and ribbons on the L.C.C. uniform.

There must be a mistake somewhere—and a bad one. Will you clear it up?—JOHN BULL.

BEATRICE FOULKES,
Ayshe Court, Mersham

MADAM,—You are a lucky, lucky woman. But I do not congratulate you.

In Russia, you would have been shot for hoarding tons of food, including 1 cwt. of sugar. Here, you have been fined £12.

I should like to compromise between the two penalties, and send you to jail for a short term besides fining you heavily.—JOHN BULL.

Mr. WILLIAM LUNN, M.P.,
Rothwell, Yorks

DEAR SIR,—I think you will be as angry as myself at an unpleasant muddle in your area.

Five ex-miners were taken from a quarry at short notice and ordered to report at Skipton for work in the pit. They arrived after a fifty-mile journey, laden with luggage, and were directed by bored Ministry of Labour clerks to Wakefield.

From there they were sent to Rothwell. No lodgings were provided for

them—nor lodging allowance for the first week, nor allowances for their families.

Tell the Commons about it, and add that sick men are being forced back into the pits!—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. R. S. HUDSON,
Minister of Agriculture

DEAR SIR,—While in the act of digging for victory, some Coventry allotmenters were told: "Stop cultivation! We are going to build a road there."

Some had waited eighteen months for their small plots, had just begun to reap the rewards of industry.

They appeal to me. I, remembering all the righteous promises held out when the "Dig for Victory" campaign began, appeal to you. Unless the national effort is handicapped, they must stay.—JOHN BULL.

The CORPORATION,
Southend

GENTLEMEN,—Let it be said to your credit that two of your members have protested against your disgusting selfishness.

Though your financial position is so serious that you have had to receive many thousands of pounds in State grants, you are going to spend £200 on renovating the municipal golf course.

I agree with the farmer member who thinks it wicked to devote labour and fertilisers to a golf course instead of using them to grow more food.

And I hope the State will see that you do not get another penny of taxpayers' money.—JOHN BULL.

A.R.P. COMMITTEE,
Canvey Island, Essex

SIR,—Are you trying out Chinese forms of torture? Asked to provide a shelter against bad weather for local War Reserve policemen, you have supplied one in which few but the shortest constables can stand upright.

Or perhaps the Essex Constabulary contemplates enlisting circus midgets.—JOHN BULL.

ARGUE IT OUT

By PALLAS

Ways that are Dark

THE mind is an incalculable thing, and the troubles it lets us in for are sometimes almost incredible.

A Canadian the other day told me the story of a pal of his who fought in France in the last war.

He sailed for England after being married only a fortnight. That was in 1914.

Early in 1919 he went home. Three people were on the quayside to welcome him.

The soldier kissed his sister, shook hands with his brother-in-law.

"Well," said the sister, "aren't you going to kiss your wife?"

"My wife?" said the soldier.

"Is she my wife?" And he looked in some embarrassment at the attractive girl he had left behind him.

Incredible, you may argue. It scarcely seems possible that the turmoil of war could efface from a man's mind the one picture which should be constantly there.

YET stranger things have happened. I heard last week the story of a Dominion soldier who married the day before he sailed for Britain.

Apparently it was one of those marriages caused by wild impulse and more than a few drinks. The couple parted after the ceremony.

Now the soldier has married, or is about to marry, a girl in this country.

He believes that he only dreamed the other wedding.

Why does the mind play these tricks? And why in times of war should the tricks be more frequent and more astonishing than in times of peace?

One reason, I believe, is the utter contempt with which most people treat their minds.

Men will get up in the morning to do physical jerks. They will pursue to the point of fanaticism the cult of the healthy body.

They will spend much time working out a balanced diet.

They have their bodies periodically overhauled by their doctors.

BUT the poor, neglected mind rarely gets such treatment.

Once school or college days are over, the mind, except for specialised knowledge essential to the conduct of work or business, is allowed to develop at will.

How many men or women give to their minds the attention they give to their bodies? How many try to keep them working in harmony?

It may be argued that the mind is better fitted to do its work when the body is fit.

Maybe. But literature points to many great minds which triumphed over sick and ailing bodies: Keats, ravaged with consumption, turned out some of the loveliest lines in our language.

To-day thought must be translated into terms of action.

But at the same time we've got to remember that fit minds are as essential in the drive to victory as are fit bodies.

BIG TALES OF THE LITTLE MAN:

Sees London —Then Fights On

THE elderly man in the corner of the carriage, rattling up to London after one of the worst Blitz nights in human records, bore all the marks of a seaman.

The pale blue eyes, the wind-cut wrinkles, the squarish shore-going suit of hard blue serge . . . they seemed out of place ashore, almost indecent; their place was on the bridge of a ship clawing her way through a stiff gale.

He did not talk. He sat there smoking a small pipe, thinking. He had much to think about, for to-day he was to say good-bye to an honourable career.

For fifty years he had served in the same great shipping company; not running passenger liners, indeed, but carrying thousands of tons of cargo—and some of it damned queer cargo—about the globe.

Not a big port anywhere that he hadn't tamped into, often in fog, once or twice with plague aboard; he had faced imminent wreck, collision, fire at sea, torpedoes, mines, German warships, raider aircraft, and beaten the lot.

He drew at his pipe, thinking: "I have never lost a ship."

Then he thought of that last voyage that he had just concluded. Only by the grace of God had that ship been saved.

Sea-Going Miracle

Cut in half out in the Atlantic, several hundred miles from land, by a torpedo from a skulking U-boat, part of the vessel had broken away and sunk.

And he had got the rest into port unaided. It was a sea-going miracle; one of the wonders of the deep.

It had decided him.

Eight nights on end without sleep, navigating a broken ship with half a crew, her instruments smashed, her charts gone. He had paid for it; it had shortened his life, perhaps; now he would retire.

He was, after all, well past retiring age—had only been carrying on because of the war and our great need of trained skippers.

He looked out of the window at the smoking, ruined houses.

Many things were disorganised. It had been a terrible bombing the night before. Police were everywhere.

But a dauntless taxi picked him up, took him by uncharted courses through back-streets miles out of his way, and delivered him with terrifying suddenness at the edge of a great mass of ruins in the City.

Firemen were still playing water on smouldering fires. Everything was smutty. Gaunt girders stood wildly pointing to the sky. Huge heaps of brickwork and rubble obstructed the view.

The skipper stared thunderstruck. He realised that the office he had to visit—was gone. The great building where the shipping company had its offices had collapsed entire.

Someone touched him on the arm.

Ropes divided off the ruins from the cleared streets . . . The skipper stared thunderstruck. The office he had to visit—was gone

It was a policeman, with the comb on his helmet that marks the City Police.

"I—I had an appointment up here," the skipper said. "But the office is gone."

The policeman, miraculously clean and strong and efficient, looked at him. "Which office?" he asked.

The seaman gave the name of the company.

"Oh—well, they're expecting you, sir. You still came up—never mind all this?"

The skipper noticed the incredulous tone. "I had an appointment," he said stiffly.

Hitler could never have understood that.

The policeman led him behind a heap of rubble higher than their heads, over a rough plank bridge spanning a deep, ragged hole, and inside some shattered remnants of walls.

"The captain's come, Miss," he said.

A girl with bright coiled hair, hatless, looked up from a big heap of books that had apparently been dragged from beneath the debris in one corner. She was on her knees. She jumped up, dusted her frock.

"The gov'nor's waiting for you in the Board Room," she said gravely. And she led him through a gap in the wall into what had been the Board Room.

Kept the Appointment

The last time the skipper had been in that room it was a long, fine apartment with four windows, a splendid mahogany table down the centre, chairs, paintings of ships, a model of one ship that had made history in the last war. He had always been a welcome visitor there.

Now, the walls were like a giant's broken teeth, the windows were ragged gaps, the table had vanished, half the room was filled with tumbled masonry, and there was the sky above. Someone had found the model ship (and she was a beauty) and set her bravely in a corner of the dusty floor.

But the skipper forgot the ruined office, for a man stood there dominating it. A man of seventy, the only one of the directors who could get to the office to keep this appointment.

"I am sorry to receive you so inhospitably," he said. "You can sit on that box if you like; it's all we have at the moment. Will you have a cigar?"

They talked for a while. "I believe you've come to offer your resignation,"

All the courage in this finest hour of the nation does not spring up only when the bombs are falling. There are other splendid deeds in calmer settings—bravely faced after stone-cold decisions—and you'll feel a new pride as they are revealed in this new series

By FRANK S. STUART



the war, I'd have dropped out—last year. I planned for my son to carry on in my place. You've met him?"

"The doctor, sir? Yes, he was here last time I was up."

"He was killed last night," the director said, "working in a hospital ward."

"I—I'm sorry," the captain whispered lamely. He did not know quite what to say.

Carrying On

There was a little silence. "I was up all night fire-fighting. I got the news through this morning, just before coming here."

"And yet you came?"

"We have to carry on. If these devils stop us doing our jobs—they win. Besides, we couldn't have you coming here and no one to meet you."

The skipper stared round the smoking, sodden skeleton of girders and ruins that comprised that part of what had once been a fine street. Suddenly he lifted his mahogany fist and smashed it down on the box beside him.

"By God, I'm with you!" he said. "I'll carry on till Hell's blue—if you'll still have me."

The director held out his hand.

The captain looked at this old, dauntless man, robbed of his only son, dog-tired from his own night's work fighting the fires, yet determined to come to the office as usual, unwilling that a visitor should waste a journey even though all the powers of evil had descended out of Heaven to strike at them.

"If Hitler had seen him, as I saw him, that morning, doing the honours in his 'office' as punctiliously as if he had the Board seated round him, just not aware that the walls were down and the roof gone and the place next-but-one still on fire . . . my God, it would have broken his heart!" the captain said to me later. "I tell you, there was something there nothing could beat. Nothing! I can't put it into words. . . ."

The square, sturdy figure went silently on its way, and returned at last to the port where the broken ship lay that he had so marvellously navigated home.

And so a raid into which the Luftwaffe put the best—or worst—it had got, had, among millions of other results, this: that one of the most sage and experienced sea captains who ever guided a keel through blue water did not retire, but swore to carry on bringing our food till the Nazi gangsters had finished their game for ever.

NEXT WEEK: *Jews Never Forgive*

Human Machine

THOSE INVISIBLE GHOSTS

● Courage is a virtue that everyone admires.

Why, then, do we not all cultivate it? Is it because we think it a virtue confined only to certain choice spirits, something that is quite unattainable by the ordinary persons?

If we do think that, we are woefully wrong.

The events of the last two years should have sufficed to prove to anyone that it is just the ordinary person who has courage—and to spare when the necessity for its demonstration occurs.

The fact of the matter is, we fail to realise how much we allow ourselves to be bullied and tyrannised over by a lot of invisible ghosts—fears and terrors that have no more substance than imaginary phantoms; that are, in fact, imaginary phantoms.

For most of our fears are the offspring of our imagination. They are the mental images of what may

happen—and what, in fact, rarely does.

That is why many a man who would tackle a real, tangible danger without the least hesitation, finds himself almost paralysed by the thoughts of the imaginary ones that he raises up himself.

Sounds silly put that way.

But it's true. We create our own bogies and then get frightened of them.

You know, it really is rather silly, isn't it?

Courage is just the ability to laugh these imaginary terrors away.

It is just the ability to curb our too vivid imaginations and keep a tight grip on reality.

And it is a virtue that is worth cultivating, since it is more infectious than a disease.

Courage in the broad sense really means nothing more than keeping one's head.

Surely we can all learn to do that?

HITLER STRUGGLES TO

With all the territory he has conquered, it seems a little odd to picture the Hyena of Hideousness striving to break out of a prison.

Yet that is what he is doing, and his likely moves are traced

By A. G. GARDINER

IT would be folly to underrate the magnitude of Hitler's successes in Russia. It would be still greater folly to overlook his failures. A true balance can only be struck by relating the one to the other.

Why did he attack Russia? Many reasons have been advanced.

He feared the growing power of Russia and wanted to destroy it before it became too formidable.

He needed a dazzling victory to shock the world and inspire his people. Crowned with such a victory he could launch his peace offer this autumn with the chance that a war-weary and despairing Britain, shaken by the complete collapse of the only great military power left to oppose him, would come to terms.

He needed the wheat of the Ukraine. He needed the oil of the Caucasus.

FINALLY, HE WANTED RUSSIA CRUSHED AND SUBDUED SO THAT HE COULD, WITHOUT DANGER OF ATTACK ON HIS LEFT FLANK, SWING HIS WAR MACHINE THROUGH ASIA MINOR TO SUEZ AND THE PERSIAN GULF.

But all these motives are dominated by one imperious necessity. It is the necessity of escaping from his prison. Although that prison is the whole continent of Europe it is none the less a prison.

His jailer is British sea power. Unless that power is broken his ultimate defeat is assured.

All his strategy since the fall of France has been directed to blasting his way out of his prison. The direct frontal attack last autumn was overwhelmed in the Battle of Britain. The attack on the Suez canal, timed to coincide with the attack on Britain, collapsed with the egregious failure of the Italian jackal.

Hitler's conquest of the Balkans in the Spring was the prelude to his next scheme of escape.

It had two objects. One was to sever our Atlantic life-line so completely that we should be starved into surrender at home by this autumn.

The other was a sudden and overwhelming spring at Russia which would immobilise her for the rest of the war, put Germany in possession of the riches of the Ukraine and Caucasus and make her master of the eastern Mediterranean from the Balkans to

Caught between the pincers from east and west, the Suez canal would be seized and the stranglehold of British sea power would be severed. Hitler would have escaped from his prison.

Neither object has been achieved.

Our dominion of the seas is unchallenged. The United States Navy and Air Force have joined us in the hue-and-cry after the pirates. We can feel more comfortable about the Atlantic front than we have ever been.

Nor has the Russian *coup* done what was expected of it. There has been no sensational *débâcle* like that of France. Great territories have been conquered at enormous cost.

But Russia is unconquered. Her armies are still in the field. Her spirit is unbroken. The summer has gone and Hitler's war machine is locked up in Russia for the winter. It cannot reach its goal of "unconditional surrender" and it dare not get out.

This is not as dramatic a failure as last year's Battle of Britain was. But is it less ominous for Hitler? He has not won the Battle of the Atlantic and he has not won the Battle of Russia.

He has to think again. He has to find some other means of blasting a way from his prison.

What are the courses open to him? Before seeking an answer to this question, two consequences that flow from his failure are worth noting.

HE PROMISED VICTORY TO HIS COUNTRY LAST AUTUMN. HE PROMISED IT AGAIN THIS

AUTUMN. HE MUST NOW POSTPONE IT TO NEXT AUTUMN

"Jam every other day," as they say in *Alice in Wonderland*, "never jam to-day." How long will his prestige in Germany, in Vichy France, in Norway, Holland, Yugoslavia, Spain, survive these exposures?

THE other consequence is this: Hitler's hopes of a spectacular triumph that would enable him to launch his "peace offer" are gone with the wind. No use launching a peace offer on a falling market.

What, then, will Hitler do to stop the rot and get out of his prison? Remember that so long as the Russian Army is in being a large part of his war potential is glued to Russian soil. Where and how will he strike with the balance of his strength?

He will, of course, strain every nerve to

intensify the attack on our life-line and we must expect heavy losses at sea.

But everything he does in this theatre of the war brings the U.S.A. Navy more and more into the picture. And while we can batter his docks and hammer his great raiders in Brest harbour his chance of starving us out grows fainter.

Nor does a direct attack on this island offer him the prospect of the victory he must have. He will certainly resume his indiscriminate night bombing, if only to slake his hate and pacify the anger of his people at the retribution his savageries have brought upon them.

But he knows now that blazing cities will not break the spirit of this country.

WHAT remains? Invasion. Mr. Churchill has warned us that the gamble is still possible, and it would be criminal folly to relax our preparations against it.

German hatred and envy of this country has for half a century been so fed on the idea of physical conquest that we cannot rule out a desperate and even reckless gamble.

But it is improbable that the German High Command will put their money on such a gamble.

EVERYTHING POINTS TO THE MIDDLE EAST AS THE SCENE OF HITLER'S NEXT GREAT EFFORT TO BATTER HIS WAY OUT OF PRISON.

Having failed to knock Russia out, he will dig his army in for a defensive war on the central and northern front and fling all his available resources into the conquest of the Black Sea and the Caucasus.



The Dardanelles, where lies the key to one of the ways out which Hitler may seek

SWAFFER LIFTS

WHY STILL A MUDDLE OVER COAL?

● There are 30,000 miners still in the Army, and claimed by the War Office as essential to the military effort. Yet, on the other hand, these 30,000 miners are indispensable in the pits if we are to have more coal this winter.

It is incredible to think that, in 1917, half-way through the last war, this same argument went on.

In 1915 there were recruiting campaigns to persuade the miners to join the Army. Two years later they had to be driven out of the Army back into the pits.

Apparently, few of the lessons of the last war have yet been learned. And there has actually been an attempt to persuade David Grenfell, the Minister of Mines, to resign and become High Commissioner for New Zealand so that he can take the blame for a muddle caused by lack of a co-ordinated Plan!

Meanwhile, thousands of young men, although dressed in khaki, do only administrative jobs. If they took the place of the 30,000 miners in the ranks, we should have more coal and less privilege.

WHY IS INDIA NOT USED MORE?

● Already, India's military forces number 500,000 men. By the end of the war, perhaps, there will be twice as many.

India is producing an ever-increasing stream of rifles and bayonets, machine-guns and ammunition, artillery and shells, indeed nearly all the needs of modern warfare.

Yet all this could be increased tenfold if, moving on, we made a great gesture to the

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ESCAPE

Success here would pave the way for a drive through Asia Minor to the Suez, which would be attacked at the same time from Libya.

The key to this strategy lies in the Dardanelles, which, under the Montreux pact, Turkey is bound to keep closed against all belligerent warships.

NAVAL SUPREMACY IN THE BLACK SEA IS VITAL TO HITLER'S STRATEGY, AND BY BRIBERY AND BROWBEATING HE IS TRYING TO GET THE ITALIAN NAVY, DISGUISED UNDER THE BULGARIAN FLAG, THROUGH THE DARDANELLES.

Nor is there any reason to doubt that Hitler has the invasion of Turkey and the seizure of the Dardanelles in mind. Whether Turkey has the pluck to resist time will show.

In any case our occupation of Syria, Iraq and Persia has enabled us to consolidate such formidable barrier from the eastern Mediterranean and the Persian Gulf to the Caspian Sea as should effectively block Hitler's march to the Suez.

By this route we should be pouring into Russia now every plane, tank and gun that the arsenals of Britain, U.S.A., and India can turn out.

If that is done the barbarians should never seize either the Black Sea or the Caucasus. They should not be allowed to start on the march to the Suez.

And if this programme fails as the others have failed, next autumn will find Hitler still in his prison.

It may even find him in a prison, of another sort, awaiting the retribution that will inevitably come to the greatest criminal in human annals.

THE LID

people with the deliberate aim of hastening self-government.

Of Winston Churchill's blind spots is one about which he has always been a

There are, in the Government, more modern but his is dominant.

DOES SWEDEN STAND?

The Swedes, who live surrounded by war, are in the very difficult position of a proud people forced by circumstances to trade with Germany and yet to observe the strictest neutrality.

Although the vast majority of the Swedes are undoubtedly pro-British, they are also, for tactical and sociological reasons, anti-Russian. There are fewer than 7,000,000 of them, they are soon fall an easy prey to Germany, if

Germany may start war on Sweden if they become desperate over shipping.

Meanwhile, largely because of our bad propaganda, Sweden is almost entirely cut off from British and German news, while German agents are everywhere, spreading lies and spying.

Many Swedes resent the fact that they, a free nation, have to go short of coal, and that they are normally they import, and food rationing after a bad home harvest, because of a country which they say is no concern of theirs.

The recent murders of trade unionists in Oslo have done much to change this view. But—Sweden is still as neutral as once were Belgium and

A. J. Russell, notable writer on religious subjects and author of "For Sinners Only," looks beyond the Nazis and makes an interesting prophecy

HITLER'S days are numbered.

It may be this year, it may be 1942, but the time draws near for the Beast of Berchtesgaden to quit before he is caught in his own murder-machine.

More than once has he threatened suicide if his best-laid plans should go astray, and suicide can be his only way out this time.

Who will step into his bloody shoes?

Once he named Goering.

But Fatty Goering, no more than the escapist Hess, has any real chance of succeeding Hitler.

The Great Nazi Bubble will have burst, and the little Hitlers—the Goerings, the Goebbels, the Ribbentrops, and all that potent scum afloat on Nazi Germany—will also start on a suicide race which for speed and spectacle will dwarf anything yet achieved by a panzer division.

Who, then, can succeed Hitler?

As far as we in England can see, there is only one man alive in Germany capable of frog-marching that misgoverned country back into the narrow way leading to sane national life.

That man to-day is in the only place where he would be permitted to be under the Nazi power—a concentration camp.

The only Fuehrer of Germany with whom Britain could ever make terms must be as honourable as Hitler is dishonourable, capable of throwing all overboard, rather than break his word, just as Hitler throws all honour to the winds whenever his word obstructs his ambition.

The man to follow Hitler must be one who, when all were for the Fuehrer, would dare to defy him and damn the consequences.

Utterly Fearless

Yet not an enemy of Germany, only an ardent patriot in the best sense, one who "when the wicked do spring like grass and the workers of (evil) ingenuity do flourish" makes his name resound through the world as a man of inner integrity, even the greatest of modern martyrs. Am I asking for the impossible?

Not a bit.

There is such a man, and, wonder of wonders, a Prussian at that.

WHY NOT ONE REGISTER?

Few things, so far, turn wartime life into a Gilbert and Sullivan opera as registration, and all the countless forms that are part of it.

Many, many people have to make six journeys to different addresses to register for these needs and activities:—

1. Food.
2. Fuel.
3. National registration.
4. Industrial registration.
5. Gas-mask inquiries.
6. Fire-watching.

Then those who run a car have to register somewhere else for petrol.

There is a separate register for unemployment and another for military service.

Multiply these throughout the country and you become dazed at the thought of the waste of time, effort, labour and paper.

One all-containing register in each locality, one to which all departments could refer for particulars, would save millions of hours, thousands of officials and millions of pounds.

IS HOME-GROWN FOOD WASTEFUL?

While millions of amateur gardeners have each planted a few rows of beans, carrots and cabbages, many complain that they grow far more than the average small family can use.

This results in much waste of essential food-stuffs. Meanwhile, not far away, people without gardens go short.

A simple remedy would be found if those who run such public institutions as hospitals and communal feeding centres made a systematic collection of surplus foodstuffs.

This would release for general consumption much food which, to-day, those institutions have to buy in the markets.

Even after two years of war, waste goes on in every direction.



Pastor Niemoeller has long defied Hitler, and the horrors of internment have failed to break him

This Man Might Change Germany

He is a Protestant pastor, Martin Niemoeller, a man utterly fearless; a man of grit and guts if ever there was one.

He is a German patriot, with a following in every nation; a tyrant's victim, who even to-day could be free from the concentration camp at any moment, were he feeble enough to bow down and worship Hitler, as so many parsons in Germany have weakly done in these high days of severe testing and bloody persecution.

Niemoeller once faced Hitler at a conference and boldly confessed the authorship of a document criticising the régime, discovered by the secret police.

Hitler was enraged; he shouted to Niemoeller to leave the Government of Germany to him.

Niemoeller in effect told Hitler to leave the government of God's Church to God.

That was the breach between the two—the false patriot and the true.

To Hitler, Germany, and he as the head of it, was God.

To Niemoeller, God was the crucified Jesus of Nazareth, in whom there was neither Jew nor German, and whose service was perfect freedom, not Nazi slavery.

Niemoeller was brought to trial and released, acquitted of any crime against the State.

But the new German god intervened to prevent his being freed, and so Niemoeller is in a concentration camp to this day.

The Last Bulwark

His fashionable church in Dahlem, a suburb of Berlin, sent Hitler a written request for their pastor's release, and the implacable Adolf sent a written refusal.

From the Archbishop of Canterbury requests poured in on Hitler to release Niemoeller, the last bulwark against tyranny in Germany; but Hitler always refused.

Yet even he dare not murder Niemoeller in cold blood, as he, like Mussolini, has murdered so many patriots of our generation.

Occasionally Hitler orders Goebbels to issue some lie calculated to defame the patriot, like the most recent one, that the Protestant Niemoeller is turning over to Roman Catholicism.

The truth behind that untruth is that in the loneliness of his cell

Niemoeller the Protestant has been studying the history of the Roman Church to see if he can devise some way of bringing together the two great wings of Christianity.

A useful study, and if, through his persecution of Niemoeller, Hitler is ever the unwitting means of reuniting Christianity, even he will have mixed some good with his crimes.

But it is a big jump from a concentration camp to the leadership of Germany. What sign is there that Niemoeller is a potential successor to Adolf Hitler?

Like his persecutor, Niemoeller has hunches and believes in them.

In the last war he was the successful commander of a U-boat and sank a lot of Allied ships in the Mediterranean by torpedo and mines laid at the mouths of the big ports.

Strangely Uneasy

As a submarine commander Niemoeller was as efficient as the rest and more humane than most.

But he was strangely uneasy over his job.

There came a day when, after passing miraculously through a strange minefield in the Adriatic, where his submarine should have been blown to smithereens, he became mystically convinced that God had a special purpose in preserving his life.

So, with the war ended, he refused a lucrative offer of employment as an engineer, and studied for the Church, earning his living as a plate-layer, or navy, on a German railway.

Lowly tasks, the enmity of Hitler, or the might of the British Navy, never daunted him. He was and is ready to face anything.

When he married on "nothing" and was challenged as to what he was marrying on, he replied: "On a whole heap of courage."

He has a fighting spirit that no concentration camp will ever quench.

Like Martin Luther, after whom he is named, Martin Niemoeller is undoubtedly a Man of Destiny. Watch him during the next few months.

He may be the Chosen Man to lead the New Reformation—the man to tackle on the spot that age-old problem: "How to convert an aggressor Germany into a good neighbour."

Only a Chosen Man of Destiny such as he, endowed with special gifts, could ever restore normality and Christianity to that evil and idolatrous nation.

SPEED UP THE CANTEENS

I AM incensed by the Government's "dry bread" policy. So, I know, are very many munition workers, miners, lorry drivers, seamen and Civil Defence volunteers.

Miners' leaders—and JOHN BULL—have told you of coalfields where the men have nothing more than hunks of dry bread for their midday meal.

They were told that £3,000,000 had been set aside to provide them with canteens.

They were promised hot meals at a shilling a time.

But months have passed—and the canteens have yet to be built.

It has been recommended that 150 canteens should be constructed at once at large factories and shipyards where feeding arrangements are either non-existent or hopelessly inadequate.

One hundred and fifty. But thousands are needed.

I know a war factory, employing 6,000 people, where the "canteen" consists of two old huts in which only tea and cakes are sold.

The workers have to besiege the shops in the town for rolls and meat pies.

In another factory 4,000 men and girls do hard manual work. Many leave home at seven in the morning and return between eight and nine at night.

Their only food during the day is sandwiches eked out from their family rations.

Elsewhere, more than a thousand war workers often have to do hours of overtime at short notice. They do it willingly, but would feel more satisfied if the nearest café was not half an hour's walk away, or even if they could be certain of getting a meal when they got to it.

I know one shipyard where not even hot water can be obtained!

No Cup of Tea

Lorry drivers, delivering food and armament materials by journeys that sometimes take a whole day and night, also have a grievance.

One reader recently drove a lorry 124 miles without a break, and could not even get a cup of tea during the night. The cafés and stalls on the road were either closed or sold out.

That's why lorry drivers on war work are urging the Ministry of Food to take over some road cafés to cater for them.

Land girls, Home Guards, Civil Defence workers, are also indignant at the slowness with which this problem is being tackled.

They find they cannot get meals at Service canteens because they are not actually "part" of H.M. Forces.

Merchant seamen have also been turned away. One party, whose ship was torpedoed, recently reached North Scotland in the late afternoon and travelled all night to their destination.

Having had only one cup of tea and a biscuit, they went to a Forces canteen and showed what evidence they had saved from their wrecked ship to prove who they were. But they were refused food.

Muddle and Delay

It is occurrences like this—and there have been many—which explain the agitation for better feeding facilities for seamen.

I don't doubt the good intentions of Whitehall. I am well aware that Mr. Bevin in particular is most anxious to speed up the provision of canteens for all war workers.

But there is muddle and delay. Too little is being done too slowly.

The Government is not using its powers to influence neglectful employers. And good employers are being hampered by petty officialdom.

One Nottinghamshire factory is running an excellent canteen at a loss.



Lord Woolton has declared that if the canteens are provided he will make sure the food is there

Sir Wyndham Childs' Page

Because it could cater for another eighty workers, it allowed men from neighbouring factories to share its canteen.

Efficiency's Reward!

Now the local committee accuses the management of obtaining meat under false pretences!

It threatens that if "outsiders" are provided with meals the firm's licence will be taken away!

If that is what officialdom calls "encouragement to employers," officialdom obviously needs a change of mind.

Above all, it needs to speed up its cumbersome councils and creaking machinery.

It is too apt to waste months on "consultations" that could be resolved in half an hour. It is too eager to draw up pretty plans that have no chance of being put into effect.

I must insist again that the Whitehall Ministries have ample authority to proceed without seeking the sanction of Parliament for every move.

Let me give you an example.

THEY'VE RUBBISH FOR SALE

MORE and more advertisements, disguised to suggest that they emanate from well-established firms, are getting into small papers under "Bargain" headings.

Follow-up letters sent to people who reply to them inspire further confidence, and many think that when they send money in advance against the despatch of the promised bargains they are only following usual routine.

From different sources I have many complaints from deluded readers who, had they made a little investigation before parting with money, would have saved themselves from victimisation.

All one complainant received, in return for over £20, were some bales of absolute rubbish. Inquiry reveals that the firm which supplied them is run by a person who has been duping buyers of "miscellaneous bargains" for many years!

WATCH out for the latest A.R.P. fraud. Women are going from door to door selling "A.R.P. Shelter Lamps."

They pretend they are from the local council, and obtain exorbitant fees for a contraption that consists mostly of a small canister stuffed with cotton-wool. Inquiries at Hemel Hempstead, where

A great industrial establishment employs more than 1,500 men, many of whom are engaged on heavy work during the black-out.

Less than a hundred are able to obtain a hot meal "on the job." The rest must make do with what they can manage to bring from the family larder—or go without.

Months ago that establishment received the usual advice from the Government on the opening of an adequate canteen.

The advice was ignored—and still is.

Direction—Not Advice

Yet that establishment is under Government control!

So all that is necessary is Government direction—not advice—to the management about the canteens!

The problem is urgent. Badly fed war workers cannot be first-rate workers. War production depends quite a lot on good, adequate food.

Put up canteens and the tanks and ships will roll out in greater numbers!

Quibbling About Tragedy

SEVERAL branches of the British Legion and committees of smaller "Service" organisations are disturbed at the extraordinary attitude of the Ministry of Pensions regarding Servicemen killed or injured on home leave or even on "evening pass."

At Edinburgh recently a resolution was passed urging the Minister to reconsider his interpretation of the phrase "attributability to military service" so that it would cover all injuries, fatal or otherwise, unless there was evidence of negligence or misconduct on the part of the person involved.

As pension regulations stand, if a member of the Forces is killed or seriously injured while on leave his wife or dependants obtain no redress or pension.

Many sad cases are being brought to my notice, and it is surprising that the Government does nothing to change what is a badly worded section of an Act.

A Fatal Stroll

A soldier, to give one example, was ordered to attend a class in a certain town. Studies over, he went for a stroll before catching the conveyance back to his unit.

An accident happened, and the man was seriously hurt. Discharged as no longer fit, he has been unable to secure any pension, the grounds of refusal being that he was not on military duty at the time, as he was not returning "direct" to the barracks when the accident occurred.

A Wood Green (London) Serviceman was returning from leave when he was knocked down and killed in the black-out. He was not taking a short walk to pass the time waiting for his train, but going back to camp by the only available route. Nevertheless, a pension has been refused, as he was not on "military duty."

Another soldier was knocked down by an Army lorry and killed while home on leave. Though quite sympathetic with his widow, the pension authorities regret nothing can be done, as her husband was "strictly speaking," not on duty at the time of his death.

"Under Consideration"

Two months ago Sir Walter Womersley, Pensions Minister, was asked questions in the House of Commons. He agreed that the existing regulations were hard and promised to give the matter his earnest consideration.

A fortnight ago he was questioned about further cases which have arisen in the meantime. He said that the matter was still under consideration!

Surely it is only reasonable to assume that, if a Serviceman on leave is not guilty of negligence or misconduct, he is always on service? Purlough is given as part of the terms of enlistment, and the Government should take steps to see that claimants in cases like those I have cited are given appropriate compensation.

PUBLIC BENEFACTOR

Mr. Frank F. Smith, Annesley Road, Rose Hill, Oxford, has been awarded this week's £1 ls. He provided me with information about a new type of ramp now gaining ground.

Write to me about any scandal or fraud in your district. Mark envelopes "Public Benefactor."

Voice of the Troops



fired on the poor devils in the water. They ought to get stronger rum for doing that, I suppose.

Trouble with this war, Jack, is that there isn't enough Jerry Navy to sink. I could do with the prize-money for putting down a few. Then I'd buy a pub when this lot's over, and drink all the profits.

But what can you do? What ships they've got make a run for it. Just cheating me out of that pub all the time.—Tom (address withheld).

WIVES IN REAR

From "Somewhere at Sea," Mrs. M. M. Simkins, of Cranbrook Road, Handsworth, Birmingham, hears from her soldier husband:

We called at a town where there are dozens of rickshaws pulled by natives who look like Red Indians.

They get along at an alarming rate by balancing on the shafts with their feet touching the ground every yard or so.

The native women here always have to follow their men when out walking. The children are lashed to the small of their mothers' backs, their heads rolling from side to side as their mothers walk.

You'll be glad to know that I turn the scale 167 lb. now (confirmed on two separate scales), against 146 lb. when I joined the Army.—Trooper F. W. Simkins, 8th Battalion, R.T.R.

EXPLOSIVE BEER

Another airman's letter comes from Canada, where we are mass-producing pilots (but something better than mass-production quality). It is to Mrs. Breen, of Sheffield, from her aircraftman son:

This is a wonderful country. I shan't be surprised at anything I see after this. When they want to move a building, they just tow it into a new place. I've just seen a monster edifice moved in this way.

I go into the main street and see real cowboys walking towards me. They do look swell.

I was introduced into a bootleg drinking joint on Sunday. What beer! Four glasses lifts the top of your head clean off.—A. C. Breen (E.), Mount Hope, Hamilton, Ontario.

MEET MR. BLACK-OUT!

Apparently there's no clothes rationing where Aircraftman W. D. Elms finds himself at this moment. He tells mother (Locksey Road, Sheffield):

The natives wear practically nothing. One of them has the face of a music-hall comedian, wears nothing but an old

★ If you have a letter with a good adventure story we may use it at greater length, with payment at higher rates. 10s. 6d. for all other letters published. Services letters will be returned. Address to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

collar with two old school ties, and is known by the extraordinary name of "Black-Out."

By the way, tropical rain is just as they show it you at the pictures. You see it coming miles away as a solid wall of water. When it arrives it is like the world's biggest tank being tipped up from overhead.—A.C.2, R.A.F. 985163.

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

AND now our readers on the Home Front take a hand:

Wanting £5 worth of sixpenny savings stamps for our Street Saving Group. I went on a Sunday to a main post office and was told: "We've only got half-a-crown's worth, and we're only open for important work."—Mrs. F. E. West, 62, Seaton Gardens, Ruislip Manor, Middlesex.

Seeing soldiers cleaning down lorries with paraffin, I asked: "Wouldn't water do?" Was told with shocked emphasis: "Oh, no. It would never give the same shine as oil."—M. Clark, Manchester Road, Sway, Lymington, Hants.

Master-baker, formerly a sailor, asked to become a baker in the Navy—became a Royal Marine, to find that a friend who knew nothing about baking or the sea had been given the work he had asked for.—Roy Galsworthy, Rolle Street, Exmouth, Devon.

I know plenty of cases of men who make a holiday of the middle of the week so that they can work the week-end at overtime rates.—J. Meakin, Elwall Street, Derby.

I have heard public sneers at the A.T.S. which prompt me to say that we girls joined the service to do our best for our country, many of us giving up good jobs to do so, and that most of us seek no "good time" while doing so.—Private J. McHugh, A.T.S., Knowle Place, Burley, Leeds 4

Every Service man is entitled to letters, whether he has relatives or not—and we civilians should see that each receives not tracts, not exhortations about his soul, but—letters!—William Corah, Drybrook, Coalville.

Why should a profiteer who seeks to rob the public of thousands—and this in war time—be let off with a fine of a pound or so? Even when he is caught the gamble is well worth it.—E. Dunn, Commercial Street, Thorne's Lane, Wakefield.

Tattooing artists put swastikas on customers' arms long before Hitler was heard of—to the despair of thousands of men who don't realise that the offending symbol can be embodied in a new design.—A. G. Michie, Woolwich, S.E.

FOR the first time, the huge military hospital of Netley has had a woman patient.

Mrs. R. Izard, of Horsmonden, Kent, lay in one of its beds for a month, surrendering her skin to save the life of her soldier son.

Her agonising experience has left her an invalid at 56. Her courage has gone unrewarded as yet.

Whether it should, you may judge from this letter from the son, Lance-Corporal Cecil Izard, to the friend who sends it to "Voice of the Troops."

I can tell you now how it happened. We were on outpost duty in the East, just before sundown, when we heard the cry of "Fire."

Five of our biggest lorries were ablaze—the garage with them. For an hour we fought the outbreak, shovelling on sand in terrific heat.

Then—the explosion. A terrific burst of flame enveloped me from head to foot. I became a human torch, running shrieking for somebody to put me out.

I was kicked down, trampled into the sand. I owe my life to the brave man who did it—Fowler—who was awarded the O.B.E. for it.

I was taken to the Arab hospital, between life and death. I will never forget the kindness of the Arabs to me. They took me to Haifa. For six months my life was in doubt.

I shall never forget the flies round my tortured body, the terrible journey across the desert, the heat, the sea journey home.

Mother received a wire saying I was dead. But eventually I reached Netley, more dead than alive. She was told the journey had proved too much—that I had three days to live.

Pulled down as she had been by mental strain, she offered her skin to save my life. It was peeled from both her legs to cover my wounds. She suffered horribly—and then, what a tragedy! Her skin wouldn't take.

But my condition began to improve from that moment. I know, my doctors know, that I owe my life to her.—Lance-Corporal Cecil Izard.

HUMORLESS GERMANS

At nineteen, an Australian soldier is having real battle experience, is learning to know the Hun for what he is. He writes to Miss Freda Hillier, of Over Wallop, near Stockbridge, Hants:

A "Jerry" stood up so that we could see him and sang:

"When yer going to hang out your washing on the Siegfried line?

"Have you any dirty washing, Aussie dear?"

Our boys held their fire, having a sense of humour. Then one of our boys stood up and (with Russia in mind) sang:

"Beneath its shade we'll live and die, We'll keep the Red Flag flying here."

But the Germans have no sense of fun at all. They opened fire on him.—Q. X. 3861 McVicar, A.I.F.

JUNGLE GOLD!

Two years ago millions of young men were pining because high adventure never came their way.

The war has changed that. Experiences once reserved for a few privileged globe-trotters are now theirs.

There is Leading Aircraftman Jack Howe, for instance, writing to his parents at Dobcroft Avenue, Sheffield, to tell how he penetrated the jungle on the Gold Coast to find—gold!

We travelled a road of dust and sand. On each side was the jungle—the thickest forestry I ever saw.

Bananas grew wild around us—but who wants them in a country where you can buy them in the shops at five a penny?

Over steep hills we went to find natives singing in their little church—then on into fever-stricken countryside.

In a basin into which no current of air penetrated, and in which we melted with sweating, we found men digging for gold.

We followed the process right through

to the strong-room where the precious metal is kept. I stood there with a great bar of pure gold in my arms.

Everybody was very kind to us, but I think we gave them a bit of a shock. We drank their little club dry of beer, etc., within an hour!—L.A.C. Howe (J.), 641399, Takoradi, Gold Coast.

OCTOPUS v. SEAL

Then Ted Balkwill, of Grasdene Road, London, S.E.18, sees more than mere waves when he looks out from his mine-sweeper. He tells his parents and grandmother (who asks that payment shall be to war sufferers):

We have seen such a terrifying battle. I am sorry to say that a seal was concerned—and we love the creatures. They seem so nice, and we see them daily.

Out of the water rose an octopus, big, sinister. For twenty minutes it fought the seal, which did everything it could to avoid the murderous tentacles. Then the great arms closed on the poor creature, and the octopus slowly submerged with its victim.

We have "cooled off" our occasional dip, one sailor having had to fight a nine-foot shark with a knife!—Ted Balkwill, H.M.T. "Lune," c/o G.P.O.

NO PRIZES, NO PUB

Strange thing is that some of the lads who are tasting adventure think they are finding none. Mr. Jack Rice's naval pal Tom, for instance, writing to him at St. George's Road, Hotwells, Bristol:

Writing at sea. Lor, what I could do to a pint! Chasing Jerries gives you a thirst like a camel.

We caught up with two of their supply ships in ten days, and what did they do? Scuttle, the rats! They got warm blankets and hot coffee and rum for that. They give us no excitement.

They torpedoed a tanker of ours and

"JOHN BULL'S" 10-MINUTE STORY BY WILL SCOTT

I HADN'T seen George for about a year. I had been away. But when at last I did see him, there he was, as usual, on the corner of High Street.

Had I met George anywhere but the corner of High Street, or had I seen the corner of High Street without George adorning it, it would not have seemed like the old town at all.

George was *always* on the corner of High Street. He was, indeed, a more permanent fixture than the bank clock, for sometimes they took the bank clock away for repairs. Whereas George never seemed to want any repairs at all.

He saw me as I saw him, and our hands went out.

"Hallo, old man! It's nice to see you again!"

"George! The same old George! And in the same old spot, of course!"

We shook hands and thumped each other on the shoulder and tried to give each other all the news in the first minute.

I said: "You know, George, if ever I find you somewhere else, *not* on this corner of High Street, I shall think the world has gone mad."

And then, suddenly, George *wasn't* on the corner of High Street! He gave what amounted to a leap, and before I knew where he was I saw him hurrying down Central Street.

I did not only think that the world had gone mad. I thought that George had gone mad with it. And I hurried after him as quickly as I could. Half-way down Central Street I caught up with him.

"What's the matter, George? What's gone wrong?" I asked.

But to my surprise he didn't answer. He just kept on walking at a surprising speed, and I kept on walking by his side.

At first I thought he must have seen somebody he knew; somebody he had an urgent need for overtaking and meeting. But he did not seem to be looking at anyone in particular—indeed, a side-glance showed me that he did not appear to be looking at anything. I had a look for myself to see if there was an old pal ahead, but there were so many people in Central Street—this being Saturday morning—that it wasn't easy to pick any particular person out.

And yet George had managed to pick a particular person out. Unless, of course, he had gone mad. . . .

At the end of Central Street George, to my astonishment, crossed over to the opposite pavement and began to go back the same way. And when we reached High Street he turned into High Street again.

BUT this time he did not go as far as the familiar corner. He hesitated the fraction of a second at the end of County Road; then into County Road he plunged.

I kept pace with him. I wasn't going to let him go until I had found out what all this was about.

"George," I said, panting, "have you seen anybody you know?"

He heard this question, at any rate, and it was a question which seemed to require a certain amount of thought. I could almost see him saying to himself: "Have I seen somebody I know?"

But presently he shook his head.

"No," he said, "it isn't that. Anything but that."

Anything but that! Which meant—what?



"Bloke suddenly appeared out of the black-out," he said. "Barged into me and snatched. And before I knew where I was my watch had gone and the bloke was haring away as hard as he could go"

SOUND TRACK

"George, tell me," I said—"you've not really gone mad, have you?"

He didn't answer this one, either. Instead, he veered round into Capstan Street, turned once more into Central Street, crossed quickly, forcing his way through the crowds, and began striding along Royalty Road.

Royalty Road was quieter than the other streets had been, but there were plenty of people about, all the same. I stared ahead for a hundred yards or so, but I was unable to make out anybody I knew.

"George!" I implored.

AND suddenly George spoke.

"I had an adventure last night," he said.

"Tell me," said I.

"On the Parade," said he.

"Tell me," said I.

"Had my watch stolen," said he.

"Go on," said I.

But he seemed to be sailing into a silent patch again. We turned into Union Street, into Little Union Street, went over Capstan Street and down Bank Street, once more over Central Street and into Kent Street. As a hike it seemed to have no plan or purpose, nor did it seem to be leading us to any destination.

I suggested, aloud, that we could go on like this, turning street corner after street corner as long as we could step, until in the end we grew old and died. George took no notice of my remark.

We strode along Maple Street, turned down Park Street, turned into Ironside Lane, St. Helena's Lane.

"George!" I cried, by now thoroughly annoyed.

"What?" said George; and then seemed to come alive again.

"Had my watch stolen," he said.

"Last night on the Parade,"

"So you told me," said I.

George nodded and then added a few details.

"Bloke suddenly appeared out of the black-out," he said. "Barged into me and snatched. And before I knew where I was my watch had gone and the bloke was haring away as hard as he could go."

"What did you do?" I asked.

"What did I do? What do you think I did?" said George. "I hared after him as hard as I could go."

"And you got him?"

"I would have got him," George answered, "but some fat old fool came out of Mermaid Hill and bonked slap into me. His stomach first and then the rest of him. Including a dog he was walking—and the dog's lead. Damned old idiot! By the time I'd sorted myself out from that, my Bill Sikes friend had faded into the air."

"Well?" said I.

We turned at the end of St. Helena's Lane and began to tramp down Sandilands Street. Here it was really quiet, and only about a dozen people were ahead of us. George put on speed and he had the appearance of a dog which has just sighted a cat.

"Well?" said I.

"What?" said George, absently. "Oh! This bloke. Yes, well, he got away."

Round into Neptune Street. And now not more than four or five people were going our way.

"I get you," said I.

"What do you get?" said George, without looking round.

"You've just seen the Bill Sikes bloke again."

GEORGE snorted.

"Black-out, I said. Black as the Bad Wicked Place. You couldn't see your nose in front of you."

"Oh," said I.

"Never saw him at all," said George.

"Oh," said I.

● In trouble, in doubt? Why go on like that? Why not seek advice in the appropriate quarter? "Appropriate quarter" is the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, whose experts are employed to help you.

These are difficult days—if there isn't one difficulty, there's another. Income tax, for instance. If you are puzzled by your assessments, send them to us with full particulars of family and dependants, property and mortgages, and we will tell you whether you are receiving your proper allowances and relief.

Any matter put before us receives most careful consideration, and is dealt with by one fully qualified to advise. It is no trouble to us to deal with your inquiries so long as we can satisfy you. Definitely, it is our pleasure to be helpful.

Write to the JOHN BULL Free Advice Service, 23, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. All that you need send with your inquiry is a stamped addressed envelope.

"What you want, old man, and what I've got," said George, "is brains."

Slower along Neptune Street. Very slowly into Camp Lane. Now two people were ahead of us, going in the same direction. A tall man with long hair and a basket, and a little man with a choker.

"That's the chap," said George, indicating the little man with the choker.

"How do you know?" I asked.

"What you want, old man, and what I've got—"

"You've said that once, George."

"Oh."

THE tall man with long hair and a basket turned into a yard, and the little man with the choker went on alone.

"The black-out," said George, "teaches us to use our ears. At least, it teaches me. You can't see with your eyes in the black-out, can you? Very well. See with your ears."

"Ah!" said I.

"I've never seen the Bill Sikes bloke before in my life," said George. "But I've heard him before. Last night, when he lifted my watch. The way he takes a short step and a long step and sort of taps with his left foot. No, I haven't seen him before, but I know him again. Taught myself to see with my ears since the black-out came in. Brains!"

"Yes, George, I see," said I, humbly.

"And now I want to see," said George.

"Pawnshops round this quarter, no doubt, and I reckon that's where he's going. Well, I just want to see him go, that's all, and then the fun begins!"

"George," I said in admiration, "it was smart of you to pick that fellow's footsteps out of all the hundreds in High Street this morning."

"It was," George admitted modestly. "but, then, I am smart. Besides, I'd been waiting for those footsteps all the morning."

"Tell me, George—" said I.

But suddenly I realised that George wasn't there. I realised because his own footsteps had ceased. As had other footsteps of which I had been scarcely aware.

I stopped and looked round.

At the end of an alley a fat man, purple with indignation, had George by the arm. And even as I stopped, the fat man's fist swung through the air and sent George afar.

There was a dustbin at the mouth of the alley. George fell over it into a corner, among tins and cabbage stalks.

"I'll teach you," the fat man shouted. "to assault me in the dark! Assault me, yes, and kick my little dog into the bargain! I'll teach you!"

I glanced the other way, but the Bill Sikes bloke had vanished. . . . I heard the fat man bellow:

"And don't say it wasn't. I didn't see you, but I know. I use my ears. I do. I could tell your squeaky shoes and the way you sniff anywhere. Damned footpad, that's all you are!"

I turned just in time to see George, who had clambered to his feet, go down over the dustbin—r the second time.

Don't Insist on Love

HUMANIST points out to two readers that it is useless to attempt to demand affection from children, and deals with the case of a selfish husband who denies his wife her birthright

ONE is always hearing complaints that the young people of to-day are lacking in respect and affection for their elders. Parents often write to me about the subject, and most of them imagine that it is a new problem created by modern education.

I can assure them that the problem has existed for centuries. People were saying the same thing about the younger generation in the Elizabethan age.

Two or three letters which have reached me lately suggest a less familiar point of view.

It is not unnatural (*writes a mother*) for children to feel little or no love for their parents. They see too much of one another and jar on one another's nerves.

I have brought up six children and have always done my best for them. I always leave myself last for meals and everything else. But do they think any better of me for my self-denials? They do not!

Do they love me more for it? Not a bit of it.

Do I expect them to do so? No, again! Young chicks keep close to the old hen, but they don't care two buttons for her. They leave her as soon as they can get along without her.

I have done a good bit of grumbling to my husband in my time, but I have had my laughs with the family even if they don't love me. We get along all right together.

Another letter came from a man who had been arguing about the same subject with a neighbour. The latter declared that it was entirely unnatural to ask for respect or affection from one's children.

Children are brought into the world without being consulted as to whether they want to be born (*he quotes*). They are alternately fussed over and cussed at during infancy. They are subjected to the whims and caprices of adult "bosses" during childhood. They are guided and controlled (often against their will) throughout the years of adolescence.

They are even expected to take notice



The mistake is for parents to demand continual demonstrations of affection when the child is not in the mood for them

of their elders' opinions when they are grown up.

My neighbour wonders why children do not rise up in revolt against this dictatorship of parents. And the parents, he says, have the amazing impudence to expect their children to display affection and gratitude for bringing them into existence.

If there is any answer to such an argument I should be glad to know what it is.

Well, as I have had occasion to say before, I don't think parents can demand either respect or affection. These things must be spontaneous.

A normal child respects his parents unless or until they do something to forfeit that respect. It is as natural for a young child to love his father and mother as it is for birds to sing on a May morning.

Whether it is logical or not, I don't care. It just happens like that.

The mistake begins when parents demand continual demonstrations of affection when the child does not feel in the mood for them.

WHICH brings me to another pathetic letter from a woman reader:

I have been to see a great friend of mine (*she writes*). I found her very distressed. She was threatening to put her head in the gas-oven. Frankly, I am very worried about her.

She is thirty-four and has been married six years. Her husband is in a reserved occupation. They have good wages, a comfortable home, and a lovely garden.

My friend is a splendid housewife and is absolutely cut out to be a mother, but her husband is opposed to having any children.

She has tried persuasion and threats of separation without effect. She is quite heart-broken. The husband will not even consent to adopting a child.

I have suggested war work, but she is already doing work in a canteen. She has consulted her doctor and he has warned the husband of the danger of nervous breakdown through constant thwarting of natural instinct.

Is there any solution? I am stumped. My friend deserves a better fate than

GUINEAS FOR READERS

Every week **HUMANIST** tackles a postbag of human problems and he will help you if you are in doubt. Write to him at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name).

to go through life childless. I want to comfort her, but cannot. What do you say?

It is difficult for any third party to intervene in a problem between husband and wife. Young people to-day discuss the subject quite frankly before marriage. This is the same thing to do. If it is left until after marriage there may be some heartaches like those of the writer's friend.

Our Victorian ancestors did not dare to hint at the coming of a family. It was immodest!

Surely the wife ought to have the last word in such a question. If there is a difference of opinion she should have the casting vote.

I am afraid the husband in the story is thinking only of himself—his pocket, perhaps, and his freedom from responsibility. He will keep his comfortable home and his lovely garden, but what is the value of those things if he has an embittered wife who becomes neurotic and develops into a state of semi-invalidism?

Children are a responsibility always, an anxiety often; but they are a source of everlasting interest.

One can exult in their successes without a suspicion of the envy which often exists between friends. One can share their happiness to the full.

Their presence in a home prevents the parents from becoming self-centred. They keep their elders alive in mind and spirit in the years when bodily powers are on the wane and existence would otherwise begin to appear futile and pointless.

GESTAPO MAN WHO SAT ON HIS QUARRY

★ *Ending his series on "Europe's Ghost Armies," Robert Weston tells of British patriots and French Poilus who are still fighting the Battle of France*

Germans. All the time he was building up his "Ghost Army."

"At all costs that man is to be captured." This order came from Himmler's office in Munich to Gestapo H.Q. in Paris. At once a comb-out of the Paris quarter which Louis was known to frequent was made—but the handsome young Free Frenchman appeared to have disappeared into thin air. One night, though, as he lay in bed planning yet another blow at the Huns, there was a knock on the door of his room.

A friend had come to warn him the Gestapo was about to raid the house. Packing a few odds and ends, Louis climbed out of his small window which overlooked one of the many side-streets of Paris. Then, like an acrobat, he jumped from roof top to roof top across the city, finally finding refuge in the wine cellar of a friendly supporter of De Gaulle.

Never Heard of Him!

Next morning a brewer's dray, about to load up and take wine-casks into Unoccupied France, was being cleaned by its owner, a ruddy-faced Frenchman, when two Gestapo men approached.

"Have you seen anything of Louis?" they asked the driver of the dray. For a moment there was a puzzled expression on the Frenchman's face. "Louis?" he repeated. "Sorry, but I've never heard of him."

It was a hot day, and one of the

Gestapo men, wiping his perspiring brow, sat down on one of the barrels about to be loaded.

For a moment the driver of the dray went cold with fright. Louis was in that barrel!

Presently the German rose to his feet, turned to his comrade, grunting: "Let's go!" and continued hunting for the man he had been sitting on!

Soon Louis, organiser of the Ghost Army of Paris, was over the border—but he left behind keen men and women to keep up the fight.

Among them is an Englishman, a native of King's Lynn.

Time and time again he has taken his life in his hands in an effort to organise French resistance to the Nazis.

Worrying Tactics

So worrying is this modern Pimpernel's tactics that the Germans have offered a reward of £5,000 for his capture, dead or alive.

On Bastille Day, despite Nazi warnings that such an incident would bring death to the culprit, he drove up to the war memorial at Caen in a black car with yellow wheels, alighted, and placed a wreath on the local war memorial.

German S.S. men opened fire on him—and didn't reckon with his reply. Well-aimed shots from his revolver killed several of them.

Quickly all surrounding roads were blocked.

But Hitler's gang hadn't counted on the Englishman's daring. Firing his revolver, he crashed through a cordon and made good his escape.

All over France these "ghost armies" are active. Fighting soldiers, wrecking industrial plants, smashing German morale.

VISION

It takes a lot of doing to keep on when things go wrong; it takes a lot of doing to mend a heartache with a song, to suffer things in silence and never let folk know, and to watch each hope extinguished by a strong and evil foe.

It takes a lot of doing when disaster shapes our lives, when no matter how we struggle on someone else contrives to beat our efforts at each bend and present some new dismay; it takes a lot of doing to keep on in this way. It takes a lot of doing to see things as a whole and not to concentrate upon the things that vex our soul.

It takes a lot of doing to watch Wrong and Hate succeed, while those who fight for Freedom are plunged in direst need. It takes a lot of doing, but that is the way we win, by listening for the Voice of God above Life's Constant Din.

J. M.

The Grocer says...

"Let me see if I've got your question straight, madam. 'Why is it that some shops seem to have a stock of unrationed articles that are short, while others a few streets away have none?'"

Well, it isn't that there's any monkeying about with distribution. They share the goods out to us retailers very fairly indeed, believe me. But it stands to reason, if you stop to think, that supplies don't reach every blessed shop at the same minute — or the same week, come to that. And the man who's stocked up today... well, vice versa, if you take my meaning.

Quite right, madam. There are a few tins, just come in. But none to spare, I'm afraid. You see, I've got my regular customers to think of. Your money's as good as theirs? I'm sure it is, madam. And better I dare say. But fair play's a



jewel, and there are people who'll go from shop to shop buying up more than their share of things we're all wanting — if they can get away with it. And that means others going without. Nothing personal, of course — just an illustration. *Fair shares?* You've said it in one, madam."

Food Facts

NUMBER 60

STOP PRESS

SWEETS & CHOCOLATES

Although a little more sugar is being allowed to manufacturers, please remember that it takes a month or two to make, pack and distribute confectionery in war-time. Production will still be much below pre-war level.



THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON. W.1

PROPAX

Always Relieves Pain

Unfailing first-aid for headaches, neuralgia, influenza, colds, nerve pains, Propax is your handy "double-action" safeguard — rescues quickly from pains, decontaminates your system from poison, leaves no ill effects.

From Boots, Timothy Whites & Taylors and all chemists.

4/5 & 2/6



GOOD

Fruit and Sugar make good FOOD



BATGER'S CHINESE FIGS

THE LAST LAUGH

STATISTICIAN (Hove). — "It should be borne in mind that life is transient. Every time I breathe someone dies." You should try cloves.

A. R. (Stockport). — "I'm having a lot of trouble with my maid and have told her that if she's not satisfied I must get another servant." She probably agrees there's enough work for two.

DORIS (London, N.). — "Sometimes my boy seems so manly; at other times he is quite effeminate, and I cannot understand it. Why should this be?" Heredity. Half his ancestors were men and the other half women.

CARRIE (Harpenden). — "I wouldn't call myself really good-looking, but I have good straight legs and cupid's-bow lips." You should be thankful that Cupid placed his bow on your lips and not on your legs.

F. S. (Dudley). — "I am the happiest girl in the world. I'm marrying the man I want." Pooh, you goose! That's nothing to the joy of marrying the man someone else wants.

D. L. (Mountain Ash). — "My own case is proof of the old saying that fortune knocks only once at the door." Yes, but misfortune has a lot more patience.

G. G. (Norwich). — "I may have trouble with the next-door people at times, but I don't worry about it. What are neighbours, anyway?" They're usually the people who wonder when that darned party will end.

G. R. (Pudsey). — "Is it a fact that medical men have pronounced that we are taller in the morning than we are at night?" Can't say, but we are always shortest towards the end of the week.

BILLY (Marlow). — "If you were a doctor, what would you give a chap for a sore throat?" Nothing. We'd never need a sore throat.

C. N. (Market Harborough). — "I would have run through all my money had it not been for my wife." She spent it first?

TRAVELLER (Manchester). — "I thought it a bit mean of my firm not to allow me for the new hat which I had to purchase as a result of the old one being damaged while on their business." But you can hardly expect them to recognise that kind of overhead expense.



OLD BILL: By Bruce Bairnsfather

"Strikes me, Serge, that a picture postcard of Moscow is just about all old Napoleon Junior will ever ruddy well see of it"

J. J. (St. Andrews). — "I believe there is to be a new golf club which can drive a ball 15 to 20 yards farther than any other club." But surely golfers have enough trouble finding balls now?

C. K. (Birkenhead). — "Members of the public should not interrupt a post office assistant when she is doing mental arithmetic." They should wait until she has counted her stitches.

L. H. (Newcastle). — "I have read of an American diver who ventured into a submarine cave inhabited by an octopus." That's nothing. We once entered the private parlour of our seaside landlady to make a complaint about the cooking.

G. L. (Nottingham). — "Despite his Oriental ambitions, the Fuehrer has never entered an Eastern city in triumph." Just as well. He would look very silly standing up on a camel.

E. N. (Clacton). — "Hitler has presented Mussolini with a large telescope." This is for astronomical purposes. The Duce doesn't need such a powerful instrument to keep an eye on his fleet.

Side-Slips

BIRMINGHAM GAZETTE. — "The tomb of Nelson a few feet away was UNARMED."

EAST KENT TIMES. — "We have the right to ask our seamen to risk their lives in bringing to us those things we can produce at home."



Result of "BULLETS" 1,290 FIRST PRIZE £50.

J. Kavanagh, Northwold, Guildford, Co. Tyrone. Example: **BRITAIN AND AMERICA**. Subject: **THUNDERBOLT** — "IN THAT ORDER."

599: G. Stephenson, "Glenmore," Manor Road, Bovey, Yorks. Example: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE**. Subject: **FOR HONOR'S SAKE** — "WALKER."

598: W. Roberts, "Bridgmont," Barnard Road, Telford, Shropshire. Example: **IN THE END THE WORLD**. Subject: **WINDING** — "GIVEN." For Sergeant-Major!

597: G. Robinson, 40, Red Lion Avenue, Millby, Yorks. Example: **CLASH**. Subject: **SEE THROUGH** — "I."

596: Mrs. E. Ward, 21, Craven Avenue, Plymouth. Example: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE**. Subject: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE** — "FRENCH RESOLUTION."

595: R. Davies, 16, Rye, Road, Rye, Sussex. Example: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE**. Subject: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE** — "FRENCH RESOLUTION."

594: E. Roberts, 1, Rotherham Road, Rotherham. Example: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE**. Subject: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE** — "FRENCH RESOLUTION."

593: J. G. Evans, 21, West Priory St., Glasgow. Example: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE**. Subject: **THE BATTLE OF DUNKERQUE** — "FRENCH RESOLUTION."

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2 BIG CHEQUES

WON IN X-WORD No. 242

WINNERS — 1. Total. 2. G. Evans. 3. G. Evans. 4. G. Evans. 5. G. Evans. 6. G. Evans. 7. G. Evans. 8. G. Evans. 9. G. Evans. 10. G. Evans. 11. G. Evans. 12. G. Evans. 13. G. Evans. 14. G. Evans. 15. G. Evans. 16. G. Evans. 17. G. Evans. 18. G. Evans. 19. G. Evans. 20. G. Evans. 21. G. Evans. 22. G. Evans. 23. G. Evans. 24. G. Evans. 25. G. Evans. 26. G. Evans. 27. G. Evans. 28. G. Evans. 29. G. Evans. 30. G. Evans. 31. G. Evans. 32. G. Evans. 33. G. Evans. 34. G. Evans. 35. G. Evans. 36. G. Evans. 37. G. Evans. 38. G. Evans. 39. G. Evans. 40. G. Evans. 41. G. Evans. 42. G. Evans. 43. G. Evans. 44. G. Evans. 45. G. Evans. 46. G. Evans. 47. G. Evans. 48. G. Evans. 49. G. Evans. 50. G. Evans. 51. G. Evans. 52. G. Evans. 53. G. Evans. 54. G. Evans. 55. G. Evans. 56. G. Evans. 57. G. Evans. 58. G. Evans. 59. G. Evans. 60. G. Evans. 61. G. Evans. 62. G. Evans. 63. G. Evans. 64. G. Evans. 65. G. Evans. 66. G. Evans. 67. G. Evans. 68. G. Evans. 69. G. Evans. 70. G. Evans. 71. G. Evans. 72. G. Evans. 73. G. Evans. 74. G. Evans. 75. G. Evans. 76. G. Evans. 77. G. Evans. 78. G. Evans. 79. G. Evans. 80. G. Evans. 81. G. Evans. 82. G. Evans. 83. G. Evans. 84. G. Evans. 85. G. Evans. 86. G. Evans. 87. G. Evans. 88. G. Evans. 89. G. Evans. 90. G. Evans. 91. G. Evans. 92. G. Evans. 93. G. Evans. 94. G. Evans. 95. G. Evans. 96. G. Evans. 97. G. Evans. 98. G. Evans. 99. G. Evans. 100. G. Evans. 101. G. Evans. 102. G. Evans. 103. G. Evans. 104. G. Evans. 105. G. Evans. 106. G. Evans. 107. G. Evans. 108. G. Evans. 109. G. Evans. 110. G. Evans. 111. G. Evans. 112. G. Evans. 113. G. Evans. 114. G. Evans. 115. G. Evans. 116. G. Evans. 117. G. Evans. 118. G. Evans. 119. G. Evans. 120. G. Evans. 121. G. Evans. 122. G. Evans. 123. G. Evans. 124. G. Evans. 125. G. Evans. 126. G. Evans. 127. G. Evans. 128. G. Evans. 129. G. Evans. 130. G. Evans. 131. G. Evans. 132. G. Evans. 133. G. Evans. 134. G. Evans. 135. G. Evans. 136. G. Evans. 137. G. Evans. 138. G. Evans. 139. G. Evans. 140. G. Evans. 141. G. Evans. 142. G. Evans. 143. G. Evans. 144. G. Evans. 145. G. Evans. 146. G. Evans. 147. G. Evans. 148. G. Evans. 149. G. Evans. 150. G. Evans. 151. G. Evans. 152. G. Evans. 153. G. Evans. 154. G. Evans. 155. G. Evans. 156. G. Evans. 157. G. Evans. 158. G. Evans. 159. G. Evans. 160. G. Evans. 161. G. Evans. 162. G. Evans. 163. G. Evans. 164. G. Evans. 165. G. Evans. 166. G. Evans. 167. G. Evans. 168. G. Evans. 169. G. Evans. 170. G. Evans. 171. G. Evans. 172. G. Evans. 173. G. Evans. 174. G. Evans. 175. G. Evans. 176. G. Evans. 177. G. Evans. 178. G. Evans. 179. G. Evans. 180. G. Evans. 181. G. Evans. 182. G. Evans. 183. G. Evans. 184. G. Evans. 185. G. Evans. 186. G. Evans. 187. G. Evans. 188. G. Evans. 189. G. Evans. 190. G. Evans. 191. G. Evans. 192. G. Evans. 193. G. Evans. 194. G. Evans. 195. G. Evans. 196. G. Evans. 197. G. Evans. 198. G. Evans. 199. G. Evans. 200. G. Evans. 201. G. Evans. 202. G. Evans. 203. G. Evans. 204. G. Evans. 205. G. Evans. 206. G. Evans. 207. G. Evans. 208. G. Evans. 209. G. Evans. 210. G. Evans. 211. G. Evans. 212. G. Evans. 213. G. Evans. 214. G. Evans. 215. G. Evans. 216. G. Evans. 217. G. Evans. 218. G. Evans. 219. G. Evans. 220. G. Evans. 221. G. Evans. 222. G. Evans. 223. G. Evans. 224. G. Evans. 225. G. Evans. 226. G.

LONDON, W.S.S. (C)



This ointment

In those skin disorders which are caused or aggravated by germ infection a complete cure is impossible until the cause of the trouble has been removed: that is, until the germs have been destroyed.

It is the remarkable property of Dettol Ointment that it is actively germicidal. It contains the germicidal principle of 'Dettol', which in our great hospitals today is the chosen weapon of modern medicine and surgery against the germs of septic infection.

When you use this ointment you will find that it promotes healing because it sinks deeply into the tissues, not only calming the irritation but actively killing the germs of septic infection. From the moment you apply it and whenever you renew it, it will go on working to keep you free from reinfection while the process of clean, safe healing goes steadily on. From your chemist 1/3 includes tax

kills germs

DETTOL OINTMENT is recommended specially for the treatment of—BOILS, CARBUNCLES, WHITLOWS, IMPETIGO, STYCHOS (Barber's Rash), HERPES (Cold Sores), SEPTIC ECZEMA. In cases of obstinate VARICOSE ULCER (Bad Leg), success has been remarkable.

DETTOL OINTMENT

HEALING AND ACTIVELY ANTISEPTIC

BECKITT & SONS, HULL AND LONDON. (PHARMACEUTICAL DEPT., HULL)

Leave lavatory-cleaning to HARPIC



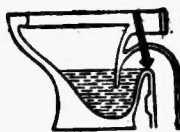
1 JUST SPRINKLE IN AND LEAVE

Last thing at night is a good time to use Harpic in the lavatory. Sprinkle in and leave it till morning.



2 WHOLE BOWL CLEANS WHITE

In the morning, flush and you will find the lavatory pan is white and clean; all discoloration has vanished.



3 CLEANS S-BEND TOO

The part you see is clean, and so is the important part you can't see—the S-bend in the pipe at the back. Everything is sanitary and safe. And so easily, so pleasantly!

NOTHING TAKES THE PLACE OF HARPIC
Harpic is specially made for cleaning the lavatory. That's why it works so thoroughly and surely. From now on, leave it to Harpic. Get some to-day!

HARPIC MFG. CO. LTD., HULL AND LONDON

Harry was a gloomy bloke Now he's first to make a joke

(Based on a letter recently received)

Harry was so nervous and irritable, he felt he needed a tonic. But what he needed most was MORE IRON. "I had been nervous and irritable for a long time," he writes, "and had tried nearly every tonic on the market. Then," he says, "I bought a tin of IRON 'JELLOIDS'."



"Soon I felt and looked a new man, full of energy and pep. My friends cannot believe the difference—from a nervous, irritable disposition to laughter and confidence. In times like these it is essential to keep going and I shall certainly continue the treatment."

The cause of Harry's nervous debility and irritability was iron-starvation, as his striking recovery through taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' clearly proved. Iron-starvation strikes at the very foundation of a man's health and vitality. It impoverishes the blood (anemia) and reduces its power to absorb life-giving oxygen from the air. It lowers metabolism and disturbs the nutrition of the vital organs and the nervous system. If you feel nervy, depressed, run-down, start taking IRON 'JELLOIDS' with your next meal. You'll soon begin to feel better every day, in every way.

Iron Jelloids

For MEN: No. 2A (containing quinine). For WOMEN: No. 2.

make you feel better every day, in every way

Of all chemists & stores: 1/4 & 3/3 (including Purchase Tax)

Send postcard for FREE BOOK entitled "Iron-starvation, the Thief of Health and Strength." Some headings are: The Vital Importance of Iron—Iron-starvation, Woman's Worst Enemy—How Young Girls Suffer—The Danger to Expectant Mothers—Iron Better than any Beauty Treatment—The Iron-starved Man—The Iron-starved Child—etc. Address your postcard to The Iron Jelloid Co. Ltd., (Dept. J196), Watford, Herts.

The word 'Jelloids' is a registered trade mark.

WARTIME GUIDE FOR BATTERY USERS

THE
MOTORIST
AND
MOTOR
CYCLIST



AVOID driving at night unless it is absolutely necessary. Motorists especially should remember that, when cornering, their headlamp beam leaves the road and creates a momentary blind spot. Be on your guard; approach every corner carefully at night.

Motor-cyclists should keep to the proper side of the road, away from the near-side verge, especially on country roads where pedestrians may be walking. ★ Please spare your batteries as much

as possible—give them even greater care and relieve pressure on a busy vital industry.

Exide BATTERIES

'Still keep going when the rest have stopped'

The Chloride Electrical Storage Company Limited, Grovenor Gardens House, Grovenor Gardens, London, S.W.1.

W.M.S.C. 42/41

ASTHMA Don't Despair! GIVE D.O.D. A TRIAL

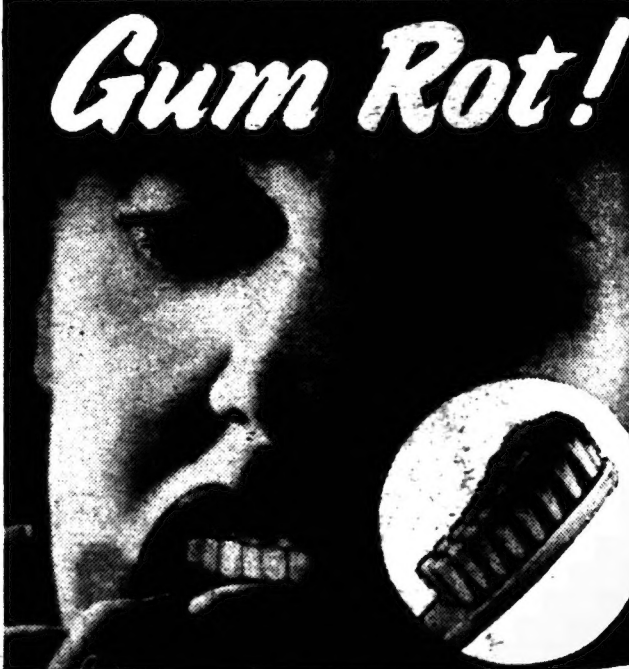
As an Asthma sufferer with a "black record" you may be in despair, but you may still have one more remedy to try—Do-Do. Read what Miss E. R. of Beaufort, Mon., wrote, on March 19th, 1941:

"I feel I must write to say how marvellously your Do-Do Tablets have helped my father. He has suffered for years from Asthma, and four years ago he tried Do-Do. Up till then he had tried many tablets, but none took effect like Do-Do. He will not go to work without one, and we always keep a 3s. box in the house. If anyone mentions they suffer with Asthma or have friends suffering the same he gives them a tablet and tells them to get a 3s. box."

Do-Do Tablets frequently succeed in cases which have stubbornly defied all other forms of treatment, thanks to the unique Do-Do formula. Only Do-Do can give you Do-Do relief, because only Do-Do contains these precious healing medicaments in exactly that balanced combination. Relief in 30 seconds; easy, normal breathing in 15 to 30 minutes! One Do-Do at bedtime means a sound night's sleep. Get a packet to-day! Do-Do Asthma Tablets are sold by Qualified Chemists everywhere, at 1s. (7 full doses), 3s. (over 4 times the 1s. size), and 10s. 6d. (over 17 times the 1s. size). With Purchase Tax, the prices are 1s. 1 1/4d., 3s. 4 1/4d., and 11s. 10d. respectively.

Do-Do ASTHMA TABLETS

ONE IS A FULL DOSE
INTERNATIONAL LABORATORIES LTD.
CHARLBUARY, OXFON.



When gums bleed —Look out!

Don't ignore this warning of gum-rot (pyorrhea) and gum-bleeding (gingivitis). Use Gibbs S.R. Toothpaste. It contains your dentist's own remedy for gum disease—Sodium Ricinoleate. Used regularly, it keeps gums and teeth in perfect health.

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